THE TIMES

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74th Year

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Nabokov's Dark Cinema

Alfred Appel

Nabokov's relationship to film is a very complex affair and has become for him a whole mythology, a mental landscape which seems almost as tangible as the landscape and architecture of his physical surroundings. *Lolita* takes a central place in this book: Professor Appel discusses its roots in American popular culture, Nabokov's part in making of Kubrick's filmed version, and the film itself. But all Nabokov's works are treated, many at length, and many other writers are discussed. Illustrated *£8.75 6 March*

A Review of the Principal Questions in Morals

Richard Price

Edited by D. D. Raphael

The *Review of Morals* (1758) is notable for its critique of the empiricist theory of knowledge and of naturalistic and utilitarian ethics. Apart from historical significance, Price's arguments often clarify issues that are still a subject of controversy. Professor Raphael's edition (1948) stimulated a renewed interest in Price's ethical thought, but has been unavailable since 1961. This reprint corrects a few errors and adds a new preface and bibliography. *£6.25*

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Edited by Terence Brown and Alec Reid

A distinguished company of friends, colleagues, and scholars come together to consider some facets of this many-sided man's life and work. W. H. Auden, Elizabeth Nicholson, Terence Brown, E. R. Dodds, Kevin Andrews, Robin Skelton, W. B. Stanford, Ernst Stahl, Walter Allen, R. D. Smith, Alec Reid, John Montague, and Derek Mahon are contributors. *£4.25 Dolmen Press 6 March*

Austin Clarke, His Life and Works

Susan Halpern

In her biographical and critical study, Susan Halpern has shrewdly evoked the Ireland of the turn of the century into which Austin Clarke, was born. It was an Ireland thick with censorious super-propriety and Clarke, sensitive beyond his years, could not have failed to be influenced by it and to evolve an attitude to life which is often thought critical and sometimes cynical. *£4.25 Dolmen Press*

Oxford University Press

A city-state and its empires

By Fernand Braudel

WILLIAM H. McNEILL:
Venice
The Hinge of Europe 1081-1797
334pp. University of Chicago Press. £5.40.

Venice has always fascinated historians. Hardly had I finished reading Frederic C. Lane's splendid *Venice, A Maritime Republic* [reviewed below] when William H. McNeill's brief but attractive *Venice*, arrived on my desk.

This strangely successful book is, happily, unlike any of its predecessors. The opening lines of the preface might lead one momentarily to suppose that it is concerned with some "hinge" of Europe other than Venice, and one immediately wonders, what hinge? On what axis could the twin histories of Venice and Europe as a whole turn or pivot? Can the lions which Venice scattered across the Empire of St Mark, from one end of the Orient to the other, be taken here as important pointers or pieces of evidence? The first one that Professor McNeill set eyes on, at Nauplia in Greece, must have raised this issue for him. But it is not the object of his book to hunt lions—they are simply the opportunity for a moment's speculation, and for hopping that on some other occasion a historian like Professor McNeill, with his almost exclusive preference for broad horizons, will be tempted to pursue them.

The true subject of this book is not in fact Venice's empire, through which the whole story of Europe might be examined, but Venice and Venice alone, seen from the centre, from the panorama which takes shape of its own accord before the reader's eye: only a word, an allusion or a phrase is needed to conjure up around us the powerful images—the Piazetta, the Dogana di Mar, the Salute, San Giorgio. A classical book, then, you might think, and so of course it is, but not one conforming to the usual pattern.

Professor McNeill's originality lies in the tightly disciplined nature of his writing, which pursues a line from which he scarcely ever departs. His aim is to be brief and comprehensible, rather than to describe; to outline rather than to colour in, and to sacrifice nothing to what would have been a pardonable sentimentality. Professor McNeill has set to one side the beguiling lions of St Mark.

He has succeeded in cutting through the usual difficulties vigorously, justifiably, and with as little elaboration as possible. The dates he has chosen as his limits—1081 and 1797—speak for themselves. Venice was a city-state and her body was always insubstantial; but her fate was played out against or among political monsters of enormous stature who constantly confronted her. If she won, all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. If her authority failed her, then difficulties began and misfortune ensued or threatened. Her initial prosperity was ensured by the decline of the Byzantine Empire. In 1081, her ships saved Byzantium from the fierce attack launched by Robert Giscard from the Kingdom of Naples, and the Emperor Alexis was to pay dearly for this help and protection. By the chrysobull of 1082 he gave the Venetian merchants sweeping commercial privileges, and henceforth they were treated within the empire as "nationals", that is, as subjects of the emperor, and no longer as foreigners. Venice then began to exploit this huge economic area and lived off it, just as in Syria and Egypt she lived off the decline in the power of Islam. Professor McNeill has therefore chosen his starting date of 1081-82 wisely, and for reasons so self-evident that he has no need to dwell on them. Nor is any lengthy explanation needed for the year 1797, when the force of revolutionary France thrust Bonaparte's army into the city and brought upon her the first humiliation of her history.

This dialectic, between the diminutive body of the city-state and its territorial "empires", is well chosen as a guideline for studying the long-drawn-out story of Venice. For, with the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, a political monster rapidly took shape in the very region where Venice had laid down the foundations of her power, and her difficulties were to grow as a direct result of this hostile upsurge. At the same time the city of St Mark was caught in the meshes of the empire of Charles V and his successors—another monster. It was a miracle she survived; no doubt her wealth, her accumulated strength and her evident wisdom were responsible. Her sting was still dangerous; she survived long enough to see her two adversaries decline and to take her revenge, at least over the Turks: a partial revenge, but still a revenge. The death-blow which struck her down in 1797 prevented her from taking advantage of the weakness of the Turkish Empire, the "sick man of Europe".

I have done no more here than give my own version of the general design of this fast-moving book. One has to look a little closer at it in order to understand its success (I almost said its savour). Professor McNeill has a positive genius—not merely a talent—for compression. In his case it is not a question of recounting absolutely everything very rapidly, nor of classifying every detail—this is certainly not a textbook—but of selecting what is essential: that is, what lasted longest, what did not change, the main line which, once chosen, is drawn out in a broad sweep from beginning to end, in a manner which carries immense conviction.

Nothing is better done in this book than the opening pages of the first chapter, on the historical role of the heavy cavalry invented by the Franks of Charles Martel at Poitiers (732), which retained its prime importance in the Mediterranean until the Sicilian Vespers found itself overwhelmed by archers of the Aragon whose arrows outranged the riders' breastplates. McNeill has made us aware of what historians know about naval technique, too, is his summary of the moment of Venice and the given to the city-state to call them the beginning of the city of St Mark. The University of Padua, administrative class of the Doges, ensuring that silent, determined and useful legislation. To the "enlightened" of that government, of its principles was a world of the northern sidelines. A century the past never ceases again and to shape it.

To conclude my remarkable book I admire rather less devoted to art and civilization in general, the microcosm of the roads, a universe in every direction—but its obstinacies, its petrifications, its decits and its whole problématique folding, with foreign foot, would have to enclose, historically form culture of Venice more thorough research overdue. Nor are the maps too strongly school, which Professor holds in high regard tradition of historical which is one of its which we must hope that draws on it for his these very minor criticisms important. No other I know of would have of writing a book as informed and as lively by purple prose as this impartial. Professor succeeded admirably.

The amphibious lion

By John Hale

FREDERIC C. LANE:
Venice, a Maritime Republic
505pp. Johns Hopkins University Press (AUPG). £6 (paperback, £2.70).

Of the Venetian maritime code issued in 1786 Frederic C. Lane remarks: "It was a model of clarity in spite of the fact that commissions had been working at it for nearly forty years." This is the only joke in a rigorous and powerful book of some 500 pages, and its unexpectedness suggests that Professor Lane had his own long-awaited work, as well as the code of 1786, in mind. If so, he is justified. His animation of the fever-chart of a commercial organism with a remarkably strong constitution is indeed a model of clarity. Though fundamentally personal, *Venice, a Maritime Republic* not only makes sense of the often conflicting assessments of other scholars but has achieved something more difficult: the unnoticeable absorption into a lucid story of his own lifetime's production of highly specialized articles. To digest the work of others is one of the easier techniques of the historian. To digest one's own requires more discipline and imagination. An impressive aspect of this book is the author's subordination of an intense knowledge of particulars to a determination to review the historical process as a whole.

Professor Lane is something of a historian's historian. Evocation is rejected in the interest of a passion for getting things right. Personalities are in the main subdued to norms of behaviour, the tang of events to their causation and consequence. And thank goodness for an account of Venice that neither glamorizes the origins nor over-moralizes the decline, that maintains an imperturbability that reflects one, a very patient and masterly course, of those conditions which faced of the patriciate's own cherished values, that while destroying legends accepts the stimulating effect of myth. If the book is austere it is never dull; Professor Lane's love of the place and intellectual concern with what happened in it see to that. Students now have an analysis of Venice's fortunes over the whole course of its independent history that they can trust, and so—aided by a crisp and clearly visualized narrative gift—have those who have a reasonably serious non-professional interest in the city. Both will be satisfied with the low price of a large, dignified and attractive book, and with the author's decision to let full critical bibliography serve in place of footnotes which would for the most part have been a welter of archival references.

The title accurately describes the book's intent. Professor Lane adds in his preface:

> More than any previous general history of Venice it gives space to maritime matters, to finance and manufacturing, and to economic matters generally. . . . Any author can hope to be pardoned for writing most about what he knows best. I have put nautical affairs in the centre of my story not only for that reason but also because I believe they were important in determining Venetian social structure and the city's fortunes.

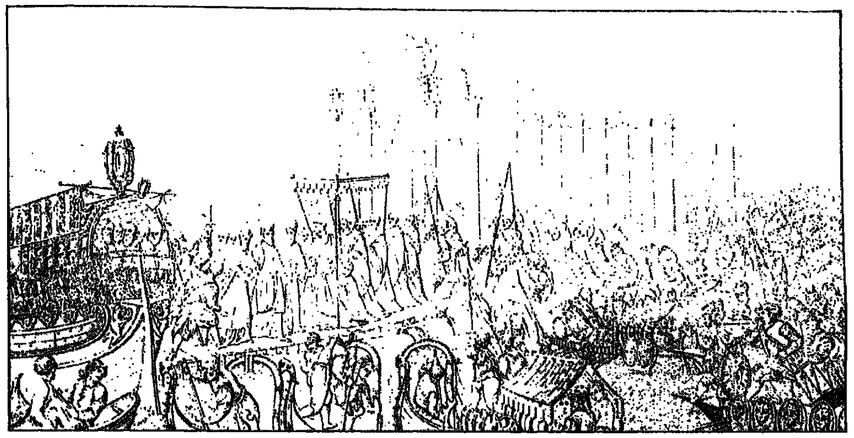
The degree to which they determined the former is, even on Professor Lane's own showing, open to considerable argument. In both respects the point loses force as the constitution steadies into its mature form in the fourteenth century, and as manufactures grow and the hinterland empire becomes ever more significant from the fifteenth. There is a trace of special pleading for a bias which is in any case so productive of understanding that it is largely self-justifying. Professor Lane is, as was to be expected, superb. But it remains a list of place names, a convoy port visited, an island fortress lost to the Turk. We are given no physical impression even of its largest components, Cyprus, Crete, Corfu. Ier Hodge, the conditions which faced as a medieval economic historian does not lead to a neglect of governmental institutions, handled here with illuminating precision, nor class styles, occupations and relationships, themes treated with a refreshingly laconic definiteness. But what is most memorable is a brilliantly realistic account of the nature of Venetian sea power, and a deeply satisfying estimate of the commodities, commercial methods and financial implications of trade, not just in the periods of growth or crisis but extending even handedly into the eighteenth century. And, though Professor Lane relishes the bankers' booths on the Rialto, the canal-slopped water-doors of palace-warehouses and the creak of yard and oar along Venetian trade routes, the city's commerce and industry is always seen in terms of the Western economy as a whole.

This brings me to a reservation, perhaps so purely personal as to be irrelevant to an appraisal of this assured and impressive book. Professor Lane's imagination leaps more readily from Venice to Antwerp or Lisbon than to Brescia or Pontebba, centres of an armaments industry (ignored here) that gave the republic an envied self-sufficiency as an armed neutral or an arming aggressor. He is happiest with regard to place when discussing the urbanized cluster of islets and coastal fringe the Venetians shorthanded as *La Dominante*, and with regard to time when the eastern medieval sea empire was acquired and made to work to the advantage of the capital. How it was built up is carefully described, as are the profits and problems it entailed. On the ships that traded across and patrolled its waters Professor Lane is, as was to be expected, superb. But it remains a list of place names, a convoy port visited, an island fortress lost to the Turk. We are given no physical impression even of its largest components, Cyprus, Crete, Corfu. Ier Hodge, the conditions which faced the patricians (and the were sent out to parts of Dalmatia, Greece or who were the recruitment and from their hinterland places were, in Venetianized by the the physical impact of of Venetian money conditioned the and points of view of

More serious is the accorded to the terra ferma. Venetian maturity on large grant talent and ensured that the found room for their a policy of territorial embarked on. When place, the terra ferma plied food and timber armaments and taxes, tude of posts in civil and military tors of finance, and military preparedness with benefices for bers of patrician clients plied cavalry, infantry militia, bombardiers, a reserve for the fleet, fortresses for agricultural pleasurable villeggiatura eagerly snapped up Venetians.

of all this Professor course, fully aware, "the dominant were thinking territory than of sea "nobles were interested in land than in "the policies of Venice Italian [terra ferma] many complex questions concludes that they beyond the scope of suffices for us that that the lion of St Mark fully ashore.

Any general history must be judged by



"The Entry of Henry III into Venice", from an engraving by Francesco Zanotto in Il Palazzo Ducale di Venezia (*Venice*, 1842).

The rise, the glory and the decline

By Peter Burke

PHILIP LONGWORTH:
The Rise and Fall of Venice
322pp. Constable. £3.95.

As Venice sinks, so the number of books about Venice rises, at an ever-increasing rate. Immigrants to the field of Venetian studies arrive from Florence, France, and now even from Russia. Philip Longworth is perhaps best known for his stirring history of the Cossacks. Now, like a true nomad, he has struck camp and moved west to Italy. An occasional phrase in *The Rise and Fall of Venice* betrays his intellectual origins—the confidence with which he writes of Venetian expeditions to Tana, or the perhaps predictable comparison of the Council of Ten to the KGB.

Mr Longworth has the newcomer's great advantage, the capacity of seeing his chosen field as a whole, from the dwellers in huts "like sea birds' nests" of the sixth century to the modern Venice of tourists and cafés. He has read Tribuno, who defended the city from Hungarian raiders; the rich and pious Sebastiano Ziani, who retired from public life to a monastery; the over-reaching Francesco Foscari, the doge who was forced to resign. In passing the author describes how Venetians learnt collectively from political experience and adapted their institutions, creating the Council of Ten in 1310 to deal with the danger of conspiracy against the state but reducing its powers in 1582 when oligarchy seemed a greater danger than plots.

Economic history receives a generous share of space, and is made the more vivid by descriptions of the operations of a few fairly typical businessmen, like the fifteenth-century noble Andrea Barbarigo. If in spite of all this the economic strands in Mr Longworth's tapestry stand out less clearly than the political, this is because economic history, to be fully intelligible, demands a more analytic approach than he is prepared to give. It is not enough to tell the reader that "In 1737-38, 274 ships anchored at Venice: in 1738-39, 193 ships did so", without indicating whether this decline was part of a short-term or a long-term trend. The author's disinclination to put statistical tables into a work intended for the general reader is understandable, but his fluent narrative has its price.

One of the chief aims of this book, we are told, is "to describe the conditions, the values and the manners of the people", to write the history of shipwrights as well as of senators. Mr Longworth has made good use of the researches of Frederic C. Lane on the navy and of Brian Pullan on the poor. We are told a lot about the working conditions of the carpenters and caulkers in the Venetian Arsenal, and of the convicts and slaves who rowed the galleys, and about the measures for the relief of the poor taken by the Government and the charitable fraternities in the sixteenth century. For the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the author quotes frequently and effectively from the writings of English visitors, not only the well-known accounts of Thomas Coryat, Fynes Moryson and John Evelyn but also those of James Howell, Richard Lassels and Philip Skippon. The equally articulate French tourists are neglected.

The most disappointing sections of this attractive book are those devoted to cultural history. They are brief, superficial, perfunctory. The author's reaction against the guidebook and the art history has surely gone too far. Perhaps Mr Longworth expects his readers to know enough about Carpaccio and Titian, who receive a sentence each, or about Cavalli, Guardi and Longhi, who receive no mention at all. Yet a description of the social framework of the arts, their place in daily life and the constraints on artists would have been well worth including, and it could have been based on the work of Francis Haskell and Simon Worsthorne—whose books do not find a place in the bibliography. We are told little about Venetian religion, orthodox or heterodox, after the Middle Ages, and virtually nothing about the sciences; the famous "School of Padua" is never mentioned. And yet cultural activities as much as political and economic activities changed over time; they affected economic, social and political life. Without them Mr Longworth's tapestry is in parts threadbare.

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A medieval gathering

By E. Talbot Donaldson

BERYL ROWLAND (Editor) :
Chaucer and Middle English Studies
424pp. Allen and Unwin. £7.95.

Thirty-six scholars from both sides of the Atlantic have contributed to *Chaucer and Middle English Studies* in celebration of Rossell Hope Robbins's sixtieth birthday. The publishers have produced an attractive book—with, as is seldom found in modern Festschrifts—notes printed after each essay (instead of huddled together at the end of the book), which is the next best thing to their being actually footnotes. A bibliography includes all the reviews of the nine books that Professor Robbins had written, compiled, edited, or translated by 1972, and lists his more than a hundred articles and notes as well as the countless reviews he has himself written. There is also an account of his career that would make a medieval *scholaris vagans* green with envy and that makes even a normally peripatetic modern scholar feel like a drab homebody.

Of the three dozen contributors—who range in age from relatively youthful to relatively ancient—fourteen write about matters Chaucerian, twenty about non-Chaucerian Middle English (or related) topics, one, Helmut Gneuss, most learnedly about Latin hymns in Old English times, while another, John W. McKenna, gives a splendid account of the Tudors' attempt to get for themselves a canonized ancestor, Henry VI : Henry, McKenna declares, was "as a royal saint . . . the greatest single disaster since the previous English royal saint Edward the Confessor". This delightful piece of medieval irreverence is balanced on the literary side by Eric Stanley's edition from manuscript BM Harley 2320 of "Directions for Making Many Sorts of Laces" (not lace), a how-to-do-it tract which proceeds *ad ignatum per ignotius* and on *ad ignotissum*. With the aid of manuscript BM Addit 6293, which contains specimens of actual strings, Professor and Mrs Stanley made some progress on assembling a lace, an extraordinary feat in view of the fact that only careful syntactical analysis can reveal whether at any one time the instructor is addressing himself merely to ten, or to twenty or more fingers.

Of the Chaucerian essays the most ambitious and most penetrating is Dieter Mehl's on the audience of *Troilus and Criseyde*. Mehl makes some excellent observations, though in one of his most interesting points—that, by his manipulation of the gaps in his narrative, Chaucer both makes the reader's imagination active and guides it—he has been anticipated by a critic whom he singles out as promoting false doctrine about Chaucer's art. The editor's "new" interpretation of "The Miller's Tale" is also ambitious. Beryl Rowland reads the tale as a blasphemous parody of scripture, with Alison perversely suggesting Mary, John the Carpenter Joseph, and Nicholas the angel Gabriel (Absolon proves an embarrassment of riches: Professor Rowland narrowly defeats wanhope by linking him with devil-worship). The large learning of the essay only emphasizes its critical wilfulness. Alison's body is like a weasel's because, on the one hand, Rabanus Maurus calls a weasel a *figura furti*, and, on the other, various bestiaries relate that the weasel conceives by the ear (and gives birth through the mouth); thus Alison becomes a parody of Mary through the mediation of a patristic weasel which also proves, if any proof were needed, that Alison is a bad girl, unlike the Virgin. One wonders how Chaucer avoided being so deafened by the theological under and overtones of his vocabulary that he remained able to hear the English in which he cast the tale bubbling undefiled from its well within his brain.

The other Chaucerian essays are less newfangled, some of them, indeed, revisiting old *topoi* with a kind of nostalgia. The late Clair Olson reconsiders the interstices in the *Canterbury Tales* forming the marriage group; Dennis Biggins resurveys the evidence for the death or continued survival of the Wife of Bath's Jankin, and finds it inconclusive; Margaret Schlauch describes a Polish analogue of "The Man of Law's Tale" and Thomas A. Kirby a modern American one of "The Reeve's Tale". A. A. Prins discusses the dating in the *Canterbury Tales* and makes the interesting suggestion that in line eight of the General Prologue the Ram belongs not to the terrestrial but to the stellar zodiac, in which the sun would have run half its course by April 16-17; while this is a much better date than the terrestrial zodiac produces, one must question whether Chaucer would date his great poem by a method that requires knowledge of the precession of the equinoxes. Charles Owen continues his eloquent praise of the revisions in *Troilus and Criseyde*, but neither his eloquence, nor his stern note bidding those who deny that there are revisions to prove it, will silence the suspicion that some of the variants he discusses in the supposedly earlier forms of the poem are merely scribal corruptions of original readings preserved in the supposedly later form; but he is right in insisting that disbelievers in revision produce their evidence.

Chaucer's clerks of Oxford, Cambridge, and Orléans are most agreeably placed in their context by J. Burke Severs. Daniel Silvia counts the manuscripts of the *Canterbury Tales* and suggests that in referring to their number we should say that there are "roughly sixty" complete or formerly complete; this is appropriate, for in Middle English sixty was the round number for a largish quantity, but one recent enumerator would prefer the more Chaucerian "well five and fifty". That the rhyming of verb forms was peculiarly characteristic of Chaucer's style is briefly but authoritatively denied by Tauno Mustanoja. Sumner Ferris gives an amusing explanation of why Chaucer grants from Richard II and Henry IV were both dated or antedated October 13, a fact that displays the practical side of Chaucer's tactfulness. Derek Brewer adduces further evidence that Chaucer read Chrétien and poses the interesting possibility that the *Book of the Lion* of the Retraction is in fact *Yvain*. In one of his last pieces, Francis Utley provides cheerful assurance, derived from a Middle English poem on the Pauline points of charity, that Troilus, far from being the lecher some would have him, admirably fulfils St Paul's definition of charity.

The non-Chaucerian items include a learned *jeu d'esprit* by Charles Talbot on the elixir of youth, prompted by the third reprint of the Early English Text Society's *Book of Quinte Essence*; Douglas Gray provides some lively notes on Middle English charms, following that acknowledged expert, John of "The Miller's Tale": Thea Stemmler complains of the lack of criticism of the lyric "Alysoun", but does not altogether remedy the deficiency. Constance B. Hieatt sensibly suggests that Old English verses of Sievers types D and E were far more important to the development of the Middle English alliterative line than has been recognized; Hans Käsmann finds a not very compelling pattern in the numbers of lines devoted to the several incidents of the third part of *Gawain and the Green Knight*, while denying Kent Hieatt's theory that the poet in this poem used numerical composition for symbolic purposes; Priscilla Bawcutt and J. Swart both give Dunbar more due than he generally receives, perhaps a little more than Angus Cameron lists English manuscripts containing English notes and English literary to accepted English manuscripts written or understood up to the 15th century.

Barbara Raw finds evidence of another kind of sensitivity to English culture in the author of the *Ancrene Wisse*: she emphasizes the importance of her interpretation of the figure of the *Cresseid* of recognition, the heroine receives her leper's bowl from the gods within the story. Albert Friedman notes allusions between the Harley and Simeon versions of a certain story and concludes that oral transmission produced no improvements in the text. Richard L. Greene points out that Chaucer read Chrétien and poses the interesting possibility that the *Book of the Lion* of the Retraction is in fact *Yvain*. In one of his last pieces, Francis Utley provides cheerful assurance, derived from a Middle English poem on the Pauline points of charity, that Troilus, far from being the lecher some would have him, admirably fulfils St Paul's definition of charity.

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BARRIE & JENKINS
COMMUNICA-EUROPA

...an't get started

By Michael Mason

...GORDON (Editor):
...d the Words
...Hutchinson. £4.25.

...volume is a collection of short ...pieces by the following contemporary British novelists: ...y Burgess, Alan Burns, Elspeth Davie, Eva Figes, Giles Gordon, ...A. S. Johnson, Gabriel Josipovici, ...Robert Nye, David Plante, ...Quin and Maggie Ross. With ...exception of the pieces by ...Johnson and Ann Quin each ...ution is prefaced by some ...statement by its author of ...itude in writing.

...is the book's purpose? In ...is a tribute to the memories ...n Johnson and Ann Quin, ...ly to the former. But the ...Giles Gordon, has more ...mply obituary aims in mind. ...nes for the truly contem...novel are being offered ...Mr Gordon's silly ...action starts by denying a ...on between his views on ...per future for British fic...and the work of the other ...tors, a reviewer is bound ...respect this disingenuous ...on of editorial responsibil...Especially as Mr Gordon's ideas ...plainly at odds with those of ...his ten co-authors.

Gordon entertains a capti... simple and derisive view ...ndition of the British novel ...It has been inflexibly the ...a tradition—namely, the ...of "social realism". Per... Gordon is right in ...sensing no irony in his ...Eleven Writers in Search ...Fiction", since Pirandello ...Italian and a playwright, ...not deterred either by ...ne phenomena nearer ...Wyndham Lewis and ...rence. These novelists are, ...s, "traditional" because ...ore as human beings reac...

...Eva Figes, among the con... matches her editor's ...contempt for the whole ...British novel (for her ...contemporary fiction is ...ingly boring"). Robert ...particular, writes very well ...ductory statement about ...has always been "a tra... 'experimental' writing in ...reaching back to Nashe's ...one can claim more than ...British novel has scarcely ...ed at all by tradition, in ...of modelling its practice ...previous generations of ...The conscious models ...out-of-the-way, unnovelis... nonexistent comic epics ...personal correspon... ...gate calendars, and so ...ish novelists have rarely ...or even exhibited indeb... their forebears in the ...poets. Further, the new ...hich Giles Gordon hopes ...the British novel from ...sen of social realism, ...fable, parables, myths", ...been there. The plots of ...ortant Victorian novels ...wholly explicable without ...to such legendary and ...aterial as doppelgangers, ...ing Princess, Bluebeard, ...s, and much more of the ...Barry even wrote a novel ...ry tale with the same ...tuation, calling one *The ...the Ring* and the other ...

...ly, contemporary nove... ...les Gordon *are* bound by ...by the historical in... ...novel-writing father ...previous nature of the ...s the baleful influence ...the image of a man at a ...ing page upon page with ...prose which explains the ...at Mr Gordon makes so ...

...y a phrase, a sentence, ...e may grow. Breath ...imparted to someone. A ...or scene. Two ...against a particular ...nd. I may think of ...e to send them, ...to do with them. Some ...y get 2,000 words down, ...y as many as that, or ...d after six months or a ...y have a novel.

...olved here was better ...an earlier student of this branch of literary pathology, George Gissing: this is Gissing's hero, Reardon, "racking his fagged brain in a hopeless search for characters, situation, motives":

> At times he was on the borderland of imbecility; his mind looked into a cloudy chaos, a shapeless whirl of nothings. . . . Little phrases which indicated dolorously the subject of his preoccupation often escaped him in the street : "What could I make of that, now?" "Well, suppose I made him—?" "But no, that wouldn't do", and so on.

About half the contributors to the volume are prepared to declare themselves as realists in some sense, despite their editor's navvy-fisted assault on this heresy. Anthony Burgess, Elspeth Davie, Eva Figes, David Plante, and Maggie Ross set their principal aim to be the description of something actually in the world. None the less most of the fictional pieces present unmistakable symptoms of Reardon's disease: a surfeit of motivation to be a novelist and a deficient urge to write novels. Only Burgess and Nye really experience the loves that compelled a Dickens: for language, and for story-telling and its idioms, actual and potential. Significantly, they are the only contributors, together with Bryan Johnson himself, who show a sense of humour. They also play knowledgeably and entertainingly with fictional idiom. This is the appropriate response for the contemporary novelist to four hundred years of British fiction, rather than its crass repudiation. Robert Nye's whole piece is a brilliant sequence of story-teller's beginnings, of imitations of traditional preliminary narrative exposition.

There is one recurring feature of the contributors' fictional procedure that is not unfruitful: the use of aleatory prompting. Anthony Burgess is the most deliberate about this; the extract from *A Long Trip to Tea Time* avowedly tacks between names randomly taken from a letter-section of *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*. Alan Burns (the power of whose piece sets it apart from the generality of the collection), Gabriel Josipovici, and Robert Nye all speak of their dependence on such aids. Giles Gordon does not mention this important element in his contributors' techniques. This is natural, for it owes a lot, as Anthony Burgess would readily admit, to the excruciatingly boring James Joyce.

Immobilization papers

By Valentine Cunningham

GILES GORDON :
Farewell, Fond Dreams
214pp. Hutchinson. £3.45.

The anti-novel rebuts the notion that it's about anything other than itself and its own writing. And *écriture* even aspires to imitate Scripture, at least in so far as the New Novelist's demands resemble the expectations of the Jewish Cabbalists about holy writ. "They thought", Borges has said of them, "that a work dictated by the Holy Spirit was an absolute text: in other words, a text in which the collaboration of chance was calculable as zero." And they would in exegesis take to ridiculous lengths "the portentous premise of a book impenetrable to contingency, of a book which is a mechanism of infinite purpose".

The unblushingly self-important (though doubtless only finite) inspiration for Giles Gordon's new collection of fictions (some now getting on a bit in years) blows, of course, from across the Channel. There is even a case to be made for Giles Gordon being the only true inheritor of the late B. S. Johnson's mantle as the one serious anglicizer of French modes. Certainly his pieces can pull as farouche a face as any Nouveau (or, for that matter, Nouveau-nouveau) Romancier might desire at the dull mutts who still look to the novelist for stories, or (worse) plots, or (even worse) characters. Fall into the trap—as many of Giles Gordon's reviewers have not failed to do—of trying to fish out of the New Novel a story, to make sense of it in the traditional way, and you will get your entry in the "Adult Alphabet", under L for Literary Critic :

> One evening a literary critic was helping his young son with his arithmetic homework. The father was, in adult company, usually the first to admit that his mathematics were "shaky at the best of times", but he insisted to his son that the average between the numbers 60, 2, 59 and 61 was 60, because the average between the majority of numbers was 60.

By dint of skipping the awkward 2 factor readers of *The Umbrella Man* or *Girl with Red Hair* might just plot something of a customary fictional graph: but *Farewell, Fond Dreams* insists it wants none of that sort of softy's reading. What it persists in giving its readers is, overtly signalled, art about art: in particular, a series of "Pictures from an Exhibition", Nos 6 to 33 (leaving out the odd, and indeed even, number here and there). Paintings, film stills, people and moments are simply described: immobilized in the eternal snapshots of art. Bounded, often circular, emotionally deadpan, syntactically fragmented, the "Pictures" are emphatically just words, an image only. "All metaphor, Malachi, stilts and all", as Yeats put it: not at all a transcription from life, more just a verbal construction (a "scription" perhaps).

The danger in such fictional activities is always, of course, boredom. And occasionally Giles Gordon presses home his points about pointlessness with somewhat less than Beckettian verve. Fourteen pages of dryly drivelling maxims about eggs (there is perhaps some obscure joke about pretentiousness going on : at least, the title is "The Wise Eggoes") are unbearably much. But at its best the writing is more important.

"Pictures 28", for example, on *My Marilyn* by Richard Hamilton, is a telling reflection on the business of fiction and image-making. And the series "Fifty Activities to be Undertaken before Getting up in the Morning" attempts what the better anti-novelists (like Sterne, and Beckett, as well as some of the South Americans) have achieved: it contrives to make a fiction at the same time as unmaking the art of fiction. Information is refused, as in all dutiful *romans de refus*, but then the act of refusal becomes a means of granting information. "Do not describe the total horror, the full degree of despair that rushes into your head, your brain and emotions . . ." and so on. The device used to be known as *occupatio*.

Tugging, though, against the rough determination not to console, the wilful Frenchified conviction that verbal and formal tricksinesses and dexterities are all, there is, I detect, a more old-fashioned side to Giles Gordon. The radical political passions of "Pictures 23"—vignettes from the Spanish Civil War and of "An Attempt to Make Entertainment out of the War in Vietnam" make a welcome change. And so do the occasional flashes of eroticism, and the intermittent ribaldry, not to mention the barely suppressed humaneness of the title piece. But one must desist from this kind of claiming: the "Adult Alphabet" looms too large.

Warnings for women

By D. A. N. Jones

FAY WELDON :
Female Friends
256pp. Heinemann. £2.75.

Fay Weldon has a dashing, unconventional way of writing a novel; but there is something familiar about *Female Friends*. "Female friends" is a favourite locution of Thackeray's. I took down *Philip*, to check, and found much else in common.

> Pretty little sister on your feather cushion, combing out your silken hair, don't discredit what your elder sister says. Much less your grandmama. Listen carefully now to what she says, and you may not end as tired and worn and sad as she. The good times come, and no sooner here than gone. So treasure your moments of beauty, your glimpses of truth. . . .
>
> My child, or what not, praise everybody : smile on everybody and everybody will smile on you in return. . . . No. I think you and I will take the ups and downs, the roughs and the smooths, of this daily existence and conversation. . . .
>
> You will suppose mama leaves the room at this juncture and has slipped down the stairs. A wretched maid gives her mistress a shuddering curtsey and slinks away. . . . And meanwhile our boy and girl are prattling in the drawing-room. About what? About everything on which Philip chooses to talk. There is nobody to contradict him. . . .
>
> Chloe looks down upon his head, black, curly, silky and riotous. Does she have a premonition, then, how familiar this particular head of hair is to become to her? How she is to watch it, over countless breakfast tables, flourish, fade and thin? Perhaps.

The first and fourth paragraphs are from Fay Weldon's novel, the other two from Thackeray's *Philip*. Both authors are fond of the present tense, of chatting to the reader, of offering little homilies. Thackeray also sometimes puts his dialogue in the form of a dramatic script just as Fay Weldon does. Their subject-matter is similar, too: the sufferings of women, particularly at the hands of other women, their mothers and their female friends. This has been an enjoyable theme for certain male writers since Thomas Middleton's *Women Beware Women*.

In *Female Friends*, the women who need to beware of each other are called Grace, Marjorie and Chloe (the narrator). Girls of very different backgrounds with very different—and most interesting—mothers, they come together in a country village during the 1940 evacuation. The narrative hops back and forth in time, as the three girls grow up, meet disagreeable men, and become mothers in unusual ways. In her forties, Chloe is acting as mother to five children. One of them she bore to her husband, another to an artist called Bates. Another was born to Bates by her friend, Grace. The other two are Bates's children by his legal wife, now dead. The third friend, Marjorie, is also acquainted with Bates, and looks after his washing. She is a BBC career woman, and everyone is very sorry for her.

Chloe's vision of the males in this book is somewhat blurred. Although she sharply observes the bad things they say or do to women, she becomes implausible when she tries to guess about their motives, to report their political conversation, to describe their activities in their pubs and businesses. Males are frequently seen as a breed of large, hard-to-handle but covetable pets, something like Alsatians. "You can't hold men responsible for their actions", says Chloe to Grace.

The males sometimes rise from this level to become super-beasts. Chloe's husband is conducting an affair with their French au pair and, at one point, he encourages the two women to fondle each other, so that he can accuse his wife of being abnormal by nature.

The French girl says that Chloe and her female friends are "thick as thieves"—which leads Chloe to reflect: "What did they steal from each other, Marjorie, Grace and Chloe? Everything, in their desperate youth." Almost all the incidents in this packed narrative relate to that theme. The French girl says that, in her experience, "female friends are not to be trusted". Chloe is inclined to agree:

> Fine citizens we make, fine sisters! Our loyalties are to men, not to each other. We are divided amongst ourselves. We have to be, for survival's sake.

The main idea—an exhortation to women to pull together—is put over very well, even if one feels that there is more female unity around than Chloe supposes.

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Heinemann Educational Books

Diminished hopes

By Terry Eagleton

JAMES SIMMONS:
West Strand Visions
72pp. Belfast: Blackstaff Press. £1.50.

DAVID ROKEAH:
Red Earth
58pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.20.

CHRISTOPHER SALVESEN:
Floodsheaf
From a Parish History
69pp. Reading: Whiteknights Press. £1.50.

LEONARD CLARK:
The Broad Atlantic
56pp. Dobson. £1.

James Simmons's songwriting has always been productive for his poetry: there is an obvious kinship between the dry satirical wit of his best poems and the disciplined blend of graphic detail and moral aphorism which writing songs and ballads enforces. In previous Simmons collections this has resulted in the paradox of an essentially subversive wit finding expression in trimly metrical stanzas, turning poetic form itself into a kind of structural irony. *West Strand Visions*, however, divides generically in two: first some poems, then a sheaf of songs and recitations culled from the performances of the Resistance Cabaret group of writers and musicians which Mr Simmons has formed in Belfast.

The songs, concerned as they mainly are with Northern Ireland violence, successfully mix the acerbic, grotesque and punningly realistic; in one darkly sardonic piece a couple of Belfast Zoo monkeys come across the corpsos of the last two men left alive in the world and glumly confront the tedious prospect of having to start the whole business over again. That vein of wry disillusion runs through the poems too, but there it is held in tension with a dream of fabular possibilities, played off against the memory of a mythical past more heroic than the slackened, devastated present:

He is a teacher, but all he hopes for now
is to get the students talking, coax the shy
and tease the pompous, help them to clarify
their indignation a little. I still try!

That soaring mind I had survives,
locked
in its cabin, roaring enigmas for commands
at serviceable Simmons, the first mate
busy at what he seldom understands.

A personal disillusion, then; but also, one senses, part of a deeper deadlock between heroic aspiration and historical failure which is Irish society:

The Man with the hat falls on the floor.
Their fields are full of stones
when they want bread and a job so much more
than TVs and cinemas and telephones . . .
but they're laughing now, every man a star.
Possessed by three unities they will never escape—
ignorance poverty, hate—they definitely are
stylish, passionate and in great shape.

Direct references to Ireland of this kind are fairly rare in the poems, and maybe, given that frictionlessly Olympian "never", all to the good; but it is interesting to see how the historical conflicts starkly exposed in the alternately tight-lipped and knock-about ballads are *transformed in* the poems into sharply probing debates between vision and reality.

Whereas Mr Simmons's "visions" are in some sense publicly available, centred on known myths and common fables, the clearly etched images of David Rokeah's poetry (translated by himself and others from the Hebrew) mask a broodingly private set of quasi-mystical concerns:

I turn solitude
into words
by a random
a sea-bed struck
comes from
You said *fire*,
and I have seen:
a stone strike
and eyes of a
That night the
The sea retreat
My yearning

The poems in
tically conflate
("a dream spr
tween roof
overgrown with
like stones, poe
the sea or sit
in the blood. Re
verbal solidity,
hover around
vanishing-point,
sucked back
origin, in a way
rich sense of
leave them conf

If Mr Rokeah's
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as objective rea
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Atlantic, written
twelve and
mediates Ameri
England and
descriptive po
dramatic immed

Travellings of the soul

By Dannie Abse

ROBIN SKELTON:
Timelight
118pp. Heinemann. £2.50.

ALAN SILLITOE:
Storm
79pp. W. H. Allen. £1.50.

PETER READING:
For the Municipality's Elderly
56pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.20.

JAMES HAMILTON-PATERSON:
Option Three
64pp. Victor Gollancz. £2.30.

Most poets putting together a collection of poems hope their books have a certain homogeneity and unity, and in the preface to *Timelight*, Robin Skelton boldly claims that his new book is in a sense one poem. It is just as well, though, that he goes on to explain how the seven sections of the poem are linked: we would not have known otherwise. Indeed, his preface reads somewhat like an appreciative review of his own book. He points out, for instance, "The third section appears to be composed of poems dealing with travels in Europe . . . but the first line of the last poem in the section gives the game away, for every travelling is of the soul." Unfortunately, Mr Skelton's travels, whether of the body or the soul are alike boring, and Kingsley Amis's post-war First Commandment, "No more poems about foreign travel" once again seems justified.

If a Second Commandment is now due it might be: "No more poems about Animals (real or preternatural)", and not only because the fourth section of *Timelight* contains eleven from a bestiary. And yet, and yet. English poets, even the worst of them, often write at their best when they contemplate the ravenous creatures of the Peaceable Kingdom, and Mr Skelton's Eagle, Spider and Goat repay close attention. Despite these poems and despite some sustained visionary passages in other sections, however, the author's own estimation of *Timelight* seems altogether too generous.

Alan Sillitoe does not actually review his own book but he does combatively answer any predictable notice of it:

Don't write a poem
The reviewer said
Tell a story.
You are good at that.
Write prose instead.
Bollocks [*sic*], I said
Drop Dead,
Get Screwed.
Blow yourself up.
Fly to the moon.
Perish.

Which leaves me little time to protest that—despite embarrassingly inept pieces—*Storm* occasionally seems to be the work not of a novelist trying to write verse but of a genuine poet. "The Imaginative Barbarians", and love poems like "Situation" and "Place Without a Name" suggest a genuine voice. And the delightful "Lamp Post", which describes the demolition and removal of a street lamp-post by workmen, could become a popular anthology piece. But too often gauche, technical errors sabotage Mr Sillitoe's poems; and one can only shudder at such phrases as "the snows of the heart" and "the tits of dawn".

Peter Reading and James Hamilton-Paterson in their

verse seem relatively
in terms of technique
ing has already
if only by virtue of
idiosyncrasies. Re
donic voice, ow
by impermanence
steady eye on the
past—earthworks,
things obsolete
memorial. "Will
ible thing is re
he asks, and con

I think not; but

has almost
leaving

There is—to borrow
word—plenty of
Reading's poems,
attractive mood
for small effects
ceed.

Mr Hamilton-
Option Three
variety of subjects
because the
over a longer
1963 to 1974. The
more personal
public, focusing
war in Indochina

Not surprisingly
verse involves a
tional response:
have far greater
here, recalling a

There should be
more to life than
but wherever you
whatever loss of
nothing has ever
wait for decades
coincidence. The
recurred.

Risks are taken
rewarded. Option
lent collection
first collection

P. STRAWSON:
Subject and Predicate in Logic and Grammar
192pp. Methuen. £3.50 (paper-back £1.50)

Readers may be led by the title, by the mention in the preface of a large group of non-formalized languages", to expect some discussion in *Subject and Predicate in Logic and Grammar* of the way the words "subject" and "predicate" are used in grammars of actual vernaculars, living or dead—whether traditional or new-fashioned grammars. It emerges, however, on page 75 that the study here of grammar is "thoroughly non-empirical" and that the formalized languages in question are "imagined or model languages", not one of which is actually constructed, or described, even very schematically, in the book. My initial puzzlement as to the sort of enterprise P. F. Strawson's "grammar" is was never fully resolved; but I shall come back to this at the end of the review.

I shall first consider the logical part of Strawson's Part I. It seems to me that Strawson uses a pair of terms, "subject (-term)" and "predicate (-term)"—with certain optional alternatives for each—to cover two quite different oppositions: an opposition of role and an opposition of category. If I followed him in this, I would merely make my own meaning unclear to the reader: so I introduce a different pair of terms to mark the category distinction, while reserving Strawson's own pair to mark the role-distinction. I use "subject" and "predicate" for correlative roles played by a pair of expressions in a sentence—I shall speak of the S-P relation or sentence—whereas I use "noun" and "predicable" for two categories of expressions, not implying anything about how these expressions are being used in a sentence. In "The man who teaches Socrates is bald", "taught Socrates" is still a predicable, even though no S-P analysis of that proposition assigns the predicate-term in it to this predicable: "Socrates" is here still a name, even if the S-P analysis of the proposition would be found which assigned the role to "Socrates". Strawson himself often uses "name" as a cover for the category, so I am not foisting upon him an alien terminology; his failure to draw the distinction I draw by means of "predicate" and "predicable" leads to unclear exposition and, believe, to actual error.

My two distinctive pairs of terms, we can clearly formulate two theses with regard to which Strawson adopts quite decided views:

(*i*) No *name can ever be the* whole of the predicate, and no predicable can play the role of the subject, in any proposition whatsoever. The categories of name and predicable do not overlap.

(*ii*) Any name names at most one object (on any occasion of its use as a name).

Both these theses are Freegan theses, widely accepted in modern logic.

Strawson accepts thesis (ii) without demur, in the greater part of Part I: in Chapter 2, paragraph 4, however, he does mention—though only to reject it—a "proposal" to extend "the logical category of names" to cover some general terms such as "elephant" and "terrier". The "advocate of the proposal" is a mere shadow, a man of straw, and Strawson is willing to give him only "flimsy defences". It is mere trifling for Strawson to suggest that a dispute over whether "terrier" in the context "All —s are playful" is a name could arise between dog-fanciers and "dog-indifferent" logicians (*ibid*).

If we go into the long history of the theory of names, from Plato and Aristotle down to Hobbes and Mill, we find a consensus that "elephant" and "terrier" count as names no less than "Jumbo" or "Rover". It was a decided innovation on the part of Frege and Russell to insist that "elephant" does not *name* each elephant—name Jumbo, and Rajah, and so on. In a critical discussion like Strawson's we might expect a reasoned defence of this innovation; but on page 4 "definite singular term" is given as an alternative for "name", with no argument at all; and then, much later, Strawson states, only to dismiss, some feeble reasons why common nouns like "elephant" should perhaps be treated as names—when no reason at all has been stated why they should *not*.

Now it is not a mere "proposal" that the name-letters of logical systems should be treated as interpretable alike by "Jumbo" and by "elephant": a great deal of formal work has already been done in this field—largely, indeed, by Polish logicians, but Lejewski publishes in English, and writers like A. N. Prior, Luschei, and D. P. Henry have also made this work accessible. (The translation of Kotarbiński's *Elementy* should also be mentioned.) I do not regard all of this work as theoretically sound, and I am nowise appealing to authority; I just point out that Strawson ignores the work of those who have seriously considered what follows from rejecting thesis (ii).

In his "grammar", however, Strawson does much to make amends for this defect of Part I. At a certain stage in developing the "perspicuous grammar" of his imaginary language, he enlarges it to make sentences like "man pursue woman" and "cat drown" admissible side by side with "John pursue Mary" and "Tom drown". So far, so good. (I omit the plus-signs Strawson writes between words.) The sentences have a rather Slavonic ring, but I have nothing against that; one may well regard it as a parochial feature of some languages—one not shared by Slavonic languages, nor by Latin and Greek—that in sentences parallel to Strawson's common-noun examples the nouns must be bedecked with articles; other languages are on the contrary like Strawson's in allowing rather free substitution of common nouns for proper names without loss of grammaticality, so at this point Strawson's model begins to look useful.

How then does his grammar make room for this freedom of substitution? On page 103 we are told that "man" and "woman" and "cat", along with "individual names", belong to the class of *nominals*. Nominals have the role of *substantiation*: and, from the complex discussion on pages 99-113, I gather that the S-P relation, in which only a singular name can play the subject-role, is just a special case of the relation between a substantiating term and a term serving for "general-character-specification in major linkage with it". If I have understood Strawson's language, what he is presenting in his own style is the following doctrine: predicables, which serve to specify characteristics, can be linked in propositional style to names of the things (allegedly) characterized, and these names may be general names, shared by a number of individuals. If this is his doctrine, I applaud it; and as for his peculiar terminology—what's in a nominal? By any other nominal it would smell as sweet.

Only I am afraid it is not just a matter of jargon. For Strawson cannot bring himself to reject outright the orthodox Fregean and Russellian view that the sortals "man", "woman", "cat" are predicables and not names. He appeals here to an idea that the "identificatory force" of a term admits of degrees. I cannot here argue the matter; but I do not think any *logical* feature of a term can be present only moderately: as Wittgenstein once said, logical differences are not subtle differences but big differences.

I turn then to thesis (ii): that names and predicables are two disjoint categories. Strawson is puzzled by the way that predicables, but not names, appear to allow of being negated: so that, when an S-P proposition is negated, the negation may be taken as attaching to the predicate—formal logic makes no distinction between "—(Fa)" and "(—Fa)"—but cannot be taken with the subject-term. This fact Strawson does not deny, but he thinks it "awaits a justifying explanation". But the negatability of predicables calls for no explanation, let alone needing to be justified. Frege compared a concept to a boundary-line drawn on a surface; as regards such a line, there is no puzzle about why it has an outside as well as an inside, or which side is logically prior. Or again: if you are sorting marbles, there are not two operations, picking out the green ones and picking out the non-green ones. A concept is two-sided in its own right.

Failing to see how basic the negation of predicables is, Strawson brings in negation only very late in his construction of artificial languages; and even here he first introduces propositional negation, and regards predicable-negation as a subsequent "enrichment". Such a grammar diverges widely from the grammar of natural languages. Propositional negation is there a late and artificial development, for which new devices have had to be introduced—Stoic logicians' prefixed *ouchi*, or modern logicians' "it is not the case that". Indeed, it often happens that insertion of a "not" somewhere in a sentence has the overall effect of negating the whole sentence; but, nearly every time, what is actually negated is some part of the sentence, e.g. the verb; and, even with a singular subject-term, it is not by any means always easy to tell whether insertion of a "not" gives us a contradictory of the original proposition—consider "The museum will—will not—be open until November". Strawson assumes too readily that one *can* tell this; and consequently he is too ready simply to *see* negated sentences as propositionally negated, and finds it hard to discern negated predicables (cf. e.g. page 24).

Strawson's real bother about negation appears to be his idea—inherited from an unvenerable tradition—that "mutual logical exclusiveness within a range" is prior to contradictory opposition; he therefore explains the non-negatability of names and subject-terms by the fact that the idea of mutual exclusion within a range is here inapplicable. But I see no ground for his view, and much to be said against it. If I desperately say "My pen is not on my desk", or a detective says "Mulally is not on the 14.15 from London", this is certainly not founded on our having some contrary predicable, within the relevant range, that we can apply; we simply do not know where on earth the pen, or Mulally, is—that is just the trouble. And there are innumerable similar cases.

I shall touch on just one more logical topic: Strawson's treatment of identity. To my mind this suffers from poverty of examples. He considers only identity *statements*, of the form "M is the same (e.g. the same person) as N", and the difference made by acceptance of such statements to our map of knowledge (or belief); he does not even consider the complementary case in which we now accept that M is other than N (like the statesman who discovered with surprise that Burma was a different place from Bermuda). Indeed, in discussing what sort of information an identity statement gives, Strawson fails to recall that the information may be false. He concentrates attention on the difference that our learning the *truth* of an identity statement might make to our map of *knowledge*; only at the very end of his exposition does he mention *belief*, and even there he does not consider that the identity statement itself might be false. (G. E. M. Anscombe has aptly called this concentration on only true examples in logic, the Fallacy of Being Guided by the Truth; Strawson is by no means its only victim.) Still less does Strawson consider propositions in which identity or otherness figures but it is not even being supposed, let alone stated, that a named M is or is not the same as a named N: e.g. "Smith shot at a lion and Jones bagged the same (another) lion", "Once we are clear, we can relax" (page 56); no doubt—but better not relax too soon!

In this review I have confined *myself to a few important logical* themes in Strawson's work. A great deal of space is devoted to issues that may rather be called epistemological or psychological or even sociological. There is much of interest and value in these passages; but I have not space even to summarize them, let alone discuss them.

Finally, I shall not attempt to analyse those aspects of Strawson's "grammar" to which I have not already alluded. The material is opaque, and thick with new and ill-explained technical terms—I counted a score or more in the index, and ten of them are introduced in pages 80-84. All this apparatus is used to construct a programme for the "perspicuous grammar" of a language that somehow never quite gets constructed itself. Readers will probably decide that the mastery of this apparatus is going to be unrewarding.

Names, nouns and predicables

By Peter Geach

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The Cultural Ape

By Niko Tinbergen

W. H. THORPE:
Animal Nature and Human Nature
435pp. Methuen. £7.20.

Soberly intellectual in approach, *Animal Nature and Human Nature* is motivated by a deep concern about the future of human society and by a thoroughly practical wish to influence it. To be able to do so we have, of course, first of all to come to a much better understanding of that still elusive concept, "human nature". It is good that in the past ten years or so more and more biologists have begun to turn their attention to "so human an animal", as René Dubos calls our species.

W. H. Thorpe is well known and internationally respected as one of the pioneers of the comparative study of animal and human behaviour, and as the founder of Cambridge University's Sub-Department of Animal Behaviour, which celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary this year. In 1969 he was invited to deliver the influential Gifford Lectures at St Andrew's University, which have now led to this book.

Lord Gifford's will instructs the lecturers to deal with natural theology and "to treat their subject as a strictly natural science, the greatest of all possible sciences". When one considers Professor Thorpe's standing both as an eminent student of behaviour and as a Christian, it is not surprising that he decided "to show the living world, and especially the animal world, as part of, yet distinct from, the inanimate world and to consider particularly the animal world . . . as it appears to approach the human world in behaviour and capabilities". In fact, he casts his net even wider: "it would be useless to launch into a consideration of man, how far he is unique and how far he is just an exceptional animal, without first examining the question of origin of the lower animals and indeed of life itself . . .". The daunting nature of his task is not for a minute lost on Professor Thorpe, who writes:

> I am only too aware of the immensity of this undertaking, involving as it does incursions into many branches of science both physical and biological. And as if this were not enough, I must attempt substantial raids into the territories of various branches of psychology, philosophy, linguistic, and other arts, and not least, theology!

The first reaction of many readers will no doubt be one of admiration for the author's courage, for his erudition and for his broad approach. Professor Thorpe has thought long and sincerely and has read widely about his vast subject, and his book is, as expected, not only a work of scholarship, but one of concern. It is not exactly light fare, and I cannot claim to be qualified to assess critically all that he reports about those many "raids". Nor is it possible to do justice to a work of this scope within the space of a review.

As I understand him, Professor Thorpe attempts to come to terms with, or at any rate to obtain a clearer view of, two issues that baffle those of us who distrust facile assertions either about man as "just another animal" or about his uniqueness. The first of these is that the modern conception of the history of life forces us to accept that organic evolution has been a slow, and to all intents and purposes infinitely gradual, process. According to this theory, in the very distant past inanimate matter must have given rise to life, which then has evolved and ramified under the relentless pressures of natural selection, acting on genetically heterogeneous populations. This process has gone on until and beyond the time when, approximately 20 million years ago, one particular group of the higher apes began to produce the hominid line, of which we are so clearly the culmination.

The second issue arises because this picture is still paradoxical: at two stages of this seemingly gradual process we sense two major discontinuities, apparent jumps. These two jumps are represented by "the differences between non-living and living" and "the differences between animals and man". Far from glossing over the problem of these gaps, Professor Thorpe focuses his attention on them in order to see how they appear in the light of new facts and opinions.

With regard to both questions, he rightly invokes the principle of hierarchy. He reminds us that evolution has involved, not only an adaptive radiation of living forms, but also a steady increase of complexity which strikes us whenever we are confronted with "new" systems. In the process, he points out, phenomena appear at each level which are not predicted from a lower level however complete [illegible] the preceding [illegible] (Whether or not reductionists succeed in showing that all properties can be seen as the consequences of [illegible] I can see, not [illegible] Professor Thorpe [illegible] Karl Popper [illegible] reductionists are [illegible] most powerful [illegible] powerful) [illegible] against a reductionist [illegible] against conclusions [illegible] the properties [illegible] "nothing but" [illegible] properties of its [illegible] systems. Incidentally [illegible] to notice that Professor [illegible] that "according [illegible] ceptions the [illegible] (that is, electromagnetic [illegible] *nothing else* [illegible] the electromagnetic [illegible] is a consolation, [illegible] those of us who [illegible] "nothingbutnery" [illegible] might well do so [illegible]

Considering [illegible] between living [illegible] fessor Thorpe [illegible] many attempts [illegible] chemists, biologists [illegible] ophers, to understand [illegible] world of atoms [illegible] cules, systems [illegible] ming and self-[illegible] ties could have [illegible] not commit himself [illegible] position prevents [illegible] gating the ways in [illegible] must represent the [illegible] and its relationships [illegible] for it to adapt [illegible] changing circumstances [illegible] He is reduced to [illegible] behaviour learnt [illegible] sling the bar not [illegible] with its forepaw [illegible] lating perceptual [illegible] structures, however [illegible] know in advance [illegible] the behaviour.

Noam Chomsky [illegible] example of this [illegible] unlikely event of [illegible] reinforcement [illegible] reading Skinner [illegible] should predict the [illegible] it again since reading [illegible] becomes more [illegible] would perhaps reply [illegible] vour reinforced [illegible] the book *for the first* [illegible] we have not, is [illegible] forced for reading [illegible] twice, most readers [illegible] diately read it again [illegible] is how to pick a [illegible] behaviour that [illegible] what the reinforcer [illegible] again the basic work was carried [illegible] by psychologists of very different theoretical persuasions from [illegible] merians.

When it comes to more complex issues such as how to improve [illegible] educational system, psychologists are at present of little more [illegible] than are economists in designing methods of preventing inflation. [illegible] the main lessons to be learnt [illegible] contemporary psychology is [illegible] man is a system of such complexity that the effects of trying to [illegible] his behaviour by applying [illegible] principles derived from simple situations often cannot be foreseen. [illegible] as no substitute for the objective testing of new methods of education, psychotherapy or industrial management in the actual situation. [illegible] testing at least has the virtue of [illegible] the claims made by such 19th-century myth-makers as [illegible] psychoanalysts and it is to Skinner's [illegible] as a sol-disant experimental psychologist that he puts forward [illegible] for his own methods without [illegible] systematic attempt to discover [illegible] they work in practice.

Skinner has spent the past [illegible] years in the forum rather than in the laboratory, and it is [illegible] Without irony that during [illegible] period psychology has become increasingly preoccupied [illegible] cognitive mechanisms: language, perception, reasoning and the richer aspects of animal behaviour with which Skinnerians could not cope; and it is on these fronts that the subject is currently advancing. Skinner's simple faith that the complexities of behaviour are illusory and that there is no need to have recourse to elaborate theories or to evolve new concepts appropriate to its explanation still appeals to the dwindling band of his disciples, but all subjects have their stagnant backwaters.

One can ask whether it is possible to salvage any insights from Skinner's popular writings. He can be seen as a technologist without any valid techniques and as the Messiah for an earthly paradise whose characteristics he fails to specify. There are two features of his doctrine that appear to me to have some value. He emphasizes the desirability of obtaining a rational and objective understanding of ourselves and of using this, where possible, to improve our own condition, though unfortunately he does not practise what he preaches. Secondly, he points up the dangers of using punishment as a technique to control behaviour: by rewarding people for good actions, we encourage specific ways of behaving, whereas, although punishing may sometimes help to prevent wrongdoing, it does not necessarily lead to the substitution of more specific and useful responses. He might have added that other experimental psychologists have discovered that punishment can lead to rigid and maladaptive forms of behaviour that are difficult to eradicate, and that giving rewards rather than punishments is not only a more effective way of altering behaviour, it is also more humanitarian.

It is puzzling that books like *About Behaviourism* should be published and read. One can only suppose that the success, or perhaps one should say the notoriety, of Skinner's works arises from the solace they afford to those who, for whatever reason, are opposed to the scientific approach to the understanding of ourselves. If the best that psychologists can do is to put forward a vacuous theory with no supporting evidence, to make unsubstantiated claims for the efficacy of their methods, and to produce works full of elementary philosophical howlers, then Koestler and his ilk can rest easily in their beds. This book will be a source of great comfort to Skinner's enemies and I commend it to them, with the reservation that the approach outlined is not characteristic of modern psychology.

For a more detailed exposition compare my chapter in *Explanation in the Behavioural Sciences* (Edited by R. Borger and F. Cioffi), 1970, Cambridge University Press.

Part 2 begins with two chapters about phenomena in which we can most clearly see, or at any rate sense, the "animal heritage" of man. After discussing the idea of nature-nurture as studied in the development of human behaviour, and a specific set of behaviours collectively called aggressive, he turns to the uniqueness of man, to problems of consciousness, and finally to the emergence of the human spirit.

Professor Thorpe concentrates on those areas where, in his opinion, comparative behaviour studies have made most progress in narrowing the "gulf" between animals and man. He names eight capabilities of man which "forty years or so ago" were considered to be exclusively the prerogatives of our species:

> It was said that (1) animals cannot learn; (2) animals cannot plan ahead; (3) animals cannot conceptualize; (4) animals cannot use, much less make tools; (5) it was said they have no language; (6) they cannot count; (7) they lack artistic sense; and (8) they lack all ethical sense.

Professor Thorpe argues why animal behaviourists now feel that most of these distinctions have to be dropped, or rather have come to be seen as differences of degree and not as aspects of a fundamental discontinuity. But he takes care to remind us that the evolutionary links between these possible animal precursors of human achievements can as yet not be seen clearly.

This is without doubt partly because our knowledge of animal and human behaviour is still so vague, partly because present-day animals allow no more than "spot-checks"; they represent at best little dots in the almost infinitely complex set of lines that constitute our image of the "evolutionary tree". Nevertheless, the growth of our knowledge does strengthen the view that many of man's "unique" abilities must have evolved gradually from origins of which we can get a glimpse in contemporary animals—the living tips of the tree's branches. The position is less clear with regard to the typically human form of communication called speech; and even less so with regard to consciousness and the human spirit.

It seems to me that Professor Thorpe deals with speech, and the power of conceptual thought revealed (and aided) by it, in a different way from the other two human attributes. With regard to speech, the story of Washoe and her successors seems to offer at least a glimmer of hope for discovering, in the scientific sense, how the apparent evolutionary jump from "signalling" to speech could ultimately come to be seen as the outcome of a gradual development, even though the intermediate stages can no longer be observed. (But that a more or less gradual "unfolding" of speech is possible is demonstrable, at least in principle, in the development of speech in children. I say "in principle" because ontogeny is no longer seen as a "recapitulation of phylogeny".) It seems to me that our hopes for the solution of this problem rest on the fact that speech and thinking are, after all, skills, and as such are potentially open to scientific analysis.

When Professor Thorpe comes to speak of consciousness and of spiritual experiences such as religion, he seems to veer away (understandably but, I can't help thinking, a little naughtily) from the position of an outside observer. Rather than looking at the behavioural manifestations that could be considered as evidence of consciousness and of a religious attitude, he turns to what really amounts to introspection—to a consideration of what every person can only observe in himself. So far as consciousness (to our being, to use Sir John Eccles's term, "experiencing selves") is concerned, it is hard to see how science can have anything to say about it. The fact that different persons describe their subjective experiences in the same terms seems to me to reveal more about the limitations of speech than about what we express by it. But then I have to admit that I simply do not understand Popper's "three worlds", a concept which Professor Thorpe obviously finds very helpful.

Where religion is concerned, I can imagine a scientific study of religious behaviour and thinking—I can conceive of a theology that could be called a branch of natural science, but the direct, subjective religious experience seems to me as fundamentally beyond the ken of science as the experience of *any* type of consciousness. But this may be no more than an admission that I have lost contact with my guide in his excursions into foreign territory.

From here on, I personally consider that there are two courses worth following. On the first, I would either try to discover what kind of motivating systems are involved in religious behaviour; and this would lead to the idea that our attitude to a supernatural power might well be a fusion of a number of "natural", deep-rooted response systems, such as our submissive attitude to people whom we admire and respect; our limited but real social cooperativeness; our need for feeling at home in familiar surroundings; our fear of threatening agents even within this familiar "home range"; and our resigned acceptance of the incomprehensibility of our world. These are, I suspect, respectable candidates for "animal forerunners" of religion.

Or, on the second (though I think less likely course) I could think of religion as the outcome of a sudden leap, or series of leaps of some kind that, like inventions, have been so typical of our cultural evolution. For, whereas such leaps or "saltations" are (for reasons that we now know) impossible in genetic evolution, they have occurred time and again in the cultural evolution.

Either of these two lines of inquiry seems to me to be at least potentially fruitful to the biologist. But I believe that this is not what Professor Thorpe aims at; my guess is that he would consider this approach too narrow and "scientistic", and that he aims at a comprehensive view of man in which mechanistic science and subjective experience can be fused.

Such differences in approach may be in least at the moment of minor importance—or I may simply be philosophically too naive. But I do believe that books such as this are of great importance, not only because our striving to understand ourselves is perhaps the highest, certainly the most difficult of all intellectual undertakings, but also for more practical reasons, for, as Professor Thorpe says in his preface: "our views on human nature are fundamental to the whole development, indeed the whole future, of society in this epoch of overpopulation catastrophe". It can only be to the good that an eminent ethologist should apply himself to the problem of the Cultural Ape and approach it from so many angles. Professor Thorpe himself would surely be the first to resist any claim that he has solved the issue of "the two discontinuities"; if anything they seem to loom larger than before. But he certainly gives us food for thought.

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Trapped in the box

By N. S. Sutherland

B. F. SKINNER:
About Behaviourism
256pp. Cape. £3.50.

B. F. Skinner will be remembered for his invention of the "Skinner Box": in this device rats can be trained to press bars by the judicious administration of food or water. The response is recorded automatically and stimuli and rewards can also be delivered by mechanical means. The invention freed experimenters from the tiresome task of training animals themselves. It ensures that the behaviour is recorded in an objective manner unbiased by the experimenter's expectations, but at the cost of registering only one aspect of the behaviour. In general, the apparatus is of little help in investigating higher processes such as perception and cognition, and it has been described as a blockless method for studying the behaviour of animals deprived of the use of their cerebral cortex.

Skinner also propounded a theory that has much the same decerebrating effect on its adherents as does his box on animals. The theory, originally proposed in a less extreme form by R. L. Thorndike, is that all behaviour is determined by reinforcements, whether positive (rewards) or negative (punishments). Like one of Peacock's heroes, but without their wit and erudition, Skinner believes in riding his favourite hobby-horse to the grave, and for the past twenty years or so he has programmed himself to produce popular books on the subject.

In the late 1930s Skinner made a significant contribution to psychology. Operating within a theoretical framework much less rigid than that which he now espouses, he produced some interesting experimental results and was one of the first to clarify the distinction between Pavlovian-type conditioning and instrumental learning based on rewards and punishments—a distinction which, as we shall see, he has since come to ignore. In more recent years Skinner has made little or no scientific contribution to the subject, but has become a propagandist for a new technology based on a narrow and inadequate view of human and animal behaviour.

About Behaviourism puts forward the following theses. First, all behaviour is determined by the organism's innate endowment and by the history of reinforcement that it receives. Secondly, all mental terms can, and should, be done away with and any proposition involving such terms is better recast in a form that refers explicitly to the history of reinforcements that determines the animal's current behaviour. Thirdly, the "science of the analysis of behaviour" has developed to such a point that it is possible, by applying its findings, to control people's behaviour in any way we choose. Finally, such control should be applied in modern society with a view to redesigning and improving it. Readers of his previous works, such as *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, will recognize that Skinner's views have not changed nor does he make any attempt to meet the criticisms provoked by his previous book.

It is an act of faith to suppose that all behaviour is determined by our genetic endowment and by what happens to us after conception. I happen to subscribe to this view myself since it is the simplest working hypothesis and there is no evidence against it. Moreover, the belief that behaviour is so determined does not conflict, as Skinner thinks, with our everyday use of such expressions as freedom of the will: the structure of the brain is quite unlike that of any inanimate system and there is a clear sense in which man is an autonomous agent in a way in which rocks and stones are not. It is impossible to refute the views of those who, like Arthur Koestler, are determined to believe in some additional mystery about the workings of the mind, whether out of anti-scientism or because they are enamoured of the occult. Only prolonged and careful research will reveal how far our behaviour is determined solely by genetic and environmental factors.

Skinner, however, puts forward a narrower view, namely that behaviour is determined solely by genetic factors and by "contingencies of reinforcement", that is to say by the schedule of rewards and punishments that have followed a given piece of behaviour in the past. This proposition is patently absurd, since we may be influenced by what we see and hear, even though no behaviour is emitted at the time and even though no external reinforcements are given. Skinner is aware of the problem, but does not resolve it: he refers to perception as behaviour and writes: "perceptual responses which clarify stimuli and resolve misjudgements may be automatically reinforcing." Extending the word "response" to refer to mental acts and the word "reinforcer" to refer to inner satisfaction has two effects. First, it makes Skinner's theory vacuous in so far as it becomes impossible to refute: any unexpected piece of overt behaviour can always be attributed to a history of covert behaviour followed by equally covert reinforcement (or satisfaction). Secondly, if such inner "behaviour" and inner reinforcements play a prominent part in determining what the organism will subsequently do, it is hard to see how any amount of control over external reinforcers such as food, money and prestige can ever bring all behaviour under control. There is indeed evidence, provided by non-Skinnerian psychologists, that animals are motivated by rather subtle goals such as exploring the world or making sense of it, and the higher in the animal kingdom we go, the more important do curiosity and play become.

Skinner's second thesis is that mentalistic explanations are useless: behaviour is to be explained in terms of genetic predispositions and the organism's history of contingencies, without reference to intervening mental states. Such words as "percepts, thoughts, virtues, intentions, abilities, instincts, daydreams, incentives, acts of will, joy, compassion, beliefs, complexes, expectancies" (extracted from a much longer list given by Skinner) have no proper place in the explanation of behaviour. If such words are as useless as Skinner supposes, it is worthwhile that he has not stopped to ask himself what contingencies of reinforcement have given them such wide currency. If the mind has no structure, psychology becomes a dull subject indeed since its task is limited to listing reinforcers and the psychologist is prevented from inferring from behaviour the structures that mediate it. It is as though a physicist were required to explain the behaviour of an atom or a star without postulating any internal structure.

Skinner's approach prevents him from raising, let alone answering, most of the interesting questions about behaviour. To meet Skinner on his own ground, consider the behaviour of a rat in a Skinner box: if the animal is taught to press a bar, it will normally do so with its paw. Having learnt to do this, however, it will depress the bar with its rump if its forepaws are held up. Skinner's theoretical apparatus, Nor does he enunciate any general laws discovered by his kind of psychology: instead the reader is fobbed off with statements of "improved techniques have created an orderly relation between performance and contingencies".

Skinner's final two theses therefore do not need serious consideration. His claim to be able to control human behaviour is wholly without validation and he does not adduce a shred of evidence to support it. It is of course true that advances in scientific psychology have enabled us to help people to control themselves in some limited instances. For example, many phobias can now be cured by a form of behaviour therapy based on principles discovered by experimental psychologists; it is perhaps not without significance that the principles in question (since they involve classical conditioning) owe nothing to Skinnerian research, and that recent advances in behaviour therapy have been derived from the work of more relatively orientated psychologists. Moreover, psychological work on perception and human skills has played an important role in accident prevention and in improvements in the design of machinery and tools, again the basic work was carried out by psychologists of very different theoretical persuasions from Skinnerians.

When it comes to more complex issues such as how to improve the educational system, psychologists are at present of little more use than are economists in designing methods of preventing inflation. But the main lessons to be learnt from contemporary psychology is that man is a system of such complexity that the effects of trying to modify his behaviour by applying simple principles derived from simple situations often cannot be foreseen. There is no substitute for the objective testing of new methods of education, psychotherapy or industrial management in the actual situation. But testing at least has the virtue of exposing the claims made by such 19th-century myth-makers as the psychoanalysts and it is to Skinner's credit as a sol-disant experimental psychologist that he puts forward claims for his own methods without any systematic attempt to discover whether they work in practice.

Skinner has spent the past forty years in the forum rather than in the laboratory, and it is with bitter irony that during this period psychology has become increasingly preoccupied with cognitive mechanisms: language, perception, reasoning and the richer aspects of animal behaviour with which Skinnerians could not cope; and it is on these fronts that the subject is currently advancing. Skinner's simple faith that the complexities of behaviour are illusory and that there is no need to have recourse to elaborate theories or to evolve new concepts appropriate to its explanation still appeals to the dwindling band of his disciples, but all subjects have their stagnant backwaters.

One can ask whether it is possible to salvage any insights from Skinner's popular writings. He can be seen as a technologist without any valid techniques and as the Messiah for an earthly paradise whose characteristics he fails to specify. There are two features of his doctrine that appear to me to have some value. He emphasizes the desirability of obtaining a rational and objective understanding of ourselves and of using this, where possible, to improve our own condition, though unfortunately he does not practise what he preaches. Secondly, he points up the dangers of using punishment as a technique to control behaviour: by rewarding people for good actions, we encourage specific ways of behaving, whereas, although punishing may sometimes help to prevent wrongdoing, it does not necessarily lead to the substitution of more specific and useful responses. He might have added that other experimental psychologists have discovered that punishment can lead to rigid and maladaptive forms of behaviour that are difficult to eradicate, and that giving rewards rather than punishments is not only a more effective way of altering behaviour, it is also more humanitarian.

It is puzzling that books like *About Behaviourism* should be published and read. One can only suppose that the success, or perhaps one should say the notoriety, of Skinner's works arises from the solace they afford to those who, for whatever reason, are opposed to the scientific approach to the understanding of ourselves. If the best that psychologists can do is to put forward a vacuous theory with no supporting evidence, to make unsubstantiated claims for the efficacy of their methods, and to produce works full of elementary philosophical howlers, then Koestler and his ilk can rest easily in their beds. This book will be a source of great comfort to Skinner's enemies and I commend it to them, with the reservation that the approach outlined is not characteristic of modern psychology.

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The message of the minstrels

By Michael Banton

ROBERT C. TOLL:
Blacking Up
The Minstrel Show in Nineteenth-Century America
310pp. Oxford University Press. £6.25.

It is ironical that the only theatrical form indigenous to the United States can no longer feature on the stage in that country. No insurance company would be keen to provide cover for a theatre that proposed to revive the Negro Minstrel Show.

Travelling white Americans started to black up for white audiences from the late 1820s. Then their turns (which they copied from Negro entertainers) were put together to make a distinctive kind of show that evolved fairly rapidly over the next twenty years until it attained its mature, three-part form. In the first part, the performers were arranged in a semi-circle, with the interlocutor in the centre, and the "endmen", Mr Tambo, who played the tambourine, and Mr Bones, who rattled the bones, far out on either side. From teams of four or five, the cast grew very substantially so that eventually this section concluded with the cakewalk in which the entire cast, supposedly dressed in their masters' and mistresses' discarded finery, competed for the prize cake awarded in response to the audience's shouts. The first part of the show featured the romantic ballad singer; the second part, or olio, a range of novelties but chiefly a stump speech, full of malapropisms, by one of the endmen. The third part consisted of a one-act slapstick comedy in a plantation setting. By the end of the century the minstrel show had exhausted all its potentialities and lost its audiences to vaudeville and musical comedy.

Robert Toll has worked through a vast array of primary material about minstrel shows: posters, programmes, playbills, jokebooks, sheet music, song-books and reviews. In *Blacking Up* he has coded their various themes, relating them to the years in which they were used, where, and by which troupes. This enables him to present minstrelsy as a form of popular culture which was continually adapting to new circumstances and transmitting a series of social messages. Mr Toll's guiding principle is that minstrelsy both reflected and helped shape popular thought, and it leads him to an interpretation that is so sociological and so nearly rounded as to surprise even a sociologist.

The minstrel show was a microcosm of nineteenth-century American race relations for both blacks and whites, which gives it an interest of its own, but this study is remarkable also for its documentation of the interrelation between the performers and their audience. The minstrel show was created for audiences ready to drive unpopular performers from the stage, even by throwing stones, and for audiences eager to stomp, whistle and shout their applause for acts that celebrated their nationalism and egalitarianism; it satisfied their desire to find heroes among the common people. During the minstrel show's first decade, roughly from 1843 to 1853, its Northern urban audiences did not know what slaves were like, but they wanted to believe that black slaves differed greatly from free, white Americans.

The respectable citizens behind the black make-up: detail from a sheet-music cover, 1844.

The content of the show at this period allowed them to sentimentalize over both positive and negative features of slave life: the loving families, the black tricksters making fools of white aristocrats, the desire for freedom, the occasional cruelties and the separations of lovers. The imagery was fundamentally false, being designed to reassure ordinary whites about their status by disparaging blacks; minstrelsy was uncomfortable about the question of justice—for example, an abolitionist stage version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was matched by shows entitled *Happy Uncle Tom* and *Rebuke to Uncle Tom*; but, to start with, the negative features did receive some attention.

In the 1850s, as the issue of slavery began to pose problems that audiences could no longer ignore, minstrelsy shifted its ground to help the Northern public accept slavery in the South as the price of preserving the Union. The negative features were suppressed in favour of loyal, grinning darkies who loved their white folks and were contented to work all day and dance and sing all night. To this was added the caricature of the Northern black man as a pretentious dandy (like the smooth European) or a ridiculous failure. The minstrels made it clear that there was no place for blacks in the North.

When, after 1863, the terrible damage and cost of the Civil War came home to the public, the minstrels increased their criticism of Northern society and castigated the people they regarded as responsible for the trouble, particularly the abolitionists. When blacks flocked to join the Union army, the minstrels brought them into their shows either as "Komical Koons" who could not perform the most basic manoeuvre, or as silly dandies in uniform. After the war the minstrels invoked traditional family images, urging the great American family to get back together again; as on the political stage, whites were to be reconciled at the expense of the blacks.

By this time white performers in blackface had to [illegible] troupes of genuinely [illegible] who toured the country [illegible] cial railway coaches [illegible] ensure that they had [illegible] certain to sleep, that [illegible] serves of food, and [illegible] secret hiding-place [illegible] their number be [illegible] whites). Though the [illegible] better actors and singers [illegible] confined by the white [illegible] types they had inherited [illegible] too had to give their [illegible] they wanted. Black [illegible] minstrel show by [illegible] "spirituals" and more [illegible] gious songs, but they [illegible] almost exclusively on [illegible] setting and even when [illegible] they steadily did, more [illegible] ences they continued the [illegible] tures. Perhaps members [illegible] once obtained reassurance [illegible] knowledge that they [illegible] not so uncultivated as [illegible] characters. Mr Toll [illegible] the black audiences did [illegible] about what whites de[illegible] these images. It was [illegible] them to feel a common [illegible] the performer and [illegible] entertainment.

A book is also a [illegible] and it is better adapted [illegible] ting messages about [illegible] relationships than to [illegible] entertainment. Mr Toll [illegible] able achievement, but [illegible] pressive at explaining [illegible] minstrel show fell out [illegible] why it was so popular [illegible] too, and why in its [illegible] "seemed to have a magic [illegible] hypnotic, impact on its [illegible] That it was such a session [illegible] in some part, I suspect, [illegible] dramatic value of the [illegible] sharply contrasting, supp[illegible] As its recent, carefully [illegible] in Britain would suggest, [illegible] cal value of blackface [illegible] pletely explained by its [illegible] ings, though the associ[illegible] slavery still make some [illegible] easy. Time alone will [illegible] slavery's wounds to the [illegible] blacks and of whites, and [illegible] temporary relationships [illegible] changed the old caricatures [illegible] tain an emotional significance [illegible] ences will be able to be [illegible] in blackface only when [illegible] blacks in whiteface.

The Abortive Revolution
China Under Nationalist Rule, 1927-1937
Lloyd E Eastman
This study of the Kuomintang examines the factionalism that characterised the period: the struggle for centralisation between the government and the regional warlords; the impact of the Nanking regime on the rural economy; and the influence of Chinese culture on the political behaviour of the Nationalists. It probes beyond political narration to discover the forces that kept the Kuomintang from achieving a viable political system. This is a pioneer study of China during the period of Nationalist rule and contributes to an understanding of modern Chinese history and the study of revolutions in other times and settings.
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Rhetoric against rhetoric

By D. A. N. Jones

ANDREW K. KENNEDY:
Six Dramatists in Search of a Language
243pp. Cambridge University Press. £5 (paperback, £2).

[illegible]ing through *Six Dramatists in* [illegible]*rch of a Language* is a morose [illegible]ss or feeling, that language [illegible] no good any more. It is precisely formulated; but, just [illegible] the general reader has a vague [illegible] that McLuhan has announced [illegible] death of the printed book, [illegible]one else the death of God, [illegible]one else the death of music, [illegible]e may feel that Andrew Ken[illegible] is announcing the death of [illegible]age. On the first page he [illegible]es that one of the three areas [illegible]tends to explore is that of the [illegible]ern dramatist's "awareness of [illegible] shrinking uses and powers of [illegible]uage itself, as the mediator of [illegible]ght and feeling, and as the [illegible]ningful counterpart of action". [illegible] pages later he is writing of [illegible] awareness of the 'sickness' or [illegible]ersive inadequacy of lan[illegible]e". Then in his essay on John [illegible]rne he writes that it is "clear [illegible] Osborne is aware of the [illegible]king area of meaning [illegible]ugh words". This talk of [illegible]ronesses"—like "knowing" or [illegible]ainty", as opposed to [illegible]ief" or "suspicion"—seems to [illegible] that Dr Kennedy is strongly [illegible]orting the thesis, that he is [illegible]ing it to be true.

[illegible] statement about Osborne is [illegible] on a newspaper interview of [illegible]in which the playwright said [illegible]words seem to be [illegible] last link with God. When [illegible]lions of people seem to be [illegible]ble to communicate with one [illegible]ther, it's vitally important [illegible] words are made to work. It [illegible] be old-fashioned, but they're [illegible] only things we have left.

[illegible]not sure that this means very [illegible]; and I remember that in the [illegible] Interview Osborne said that [illegible]enemies, too, are the only [illegible] we have left. Osborne's [illegible]ter cries communicate, in [illegible]hey let us know how Osborne [illegible] but they do not often present [illegible] of what is commonly called [illegible]gument. One of his most [illegible]ive ways of expressing him[illegible] by satirizing other people's [illegible]ounding rhetoric, turning it [illegible]abberish. Dr Kennedy has a [illegible]example in Maitland's creed, *Inadmissible Evidence*:

[illegible]hereby swear and affirm. By [illegible] belief. My belief in the [illegible]ological revolution, the [illegible]ving, growing, pressing, [illegible]ent need for more and more [illegible]tists . . . the theme of [illegible]ure, realistic decisions . . . the [illegible]stability of automation. . . .

But this kind of passage is not merely using language to abuse language: that would not be very significant. Osborne is using language to abuse life itself.

This is what another of Dr Kennedy's six playwrights, Samuel Beckett, constantly does: he is the most useful for the doomed-language theme, the "sub-text" of Dr Kennedy's discourse. Beckett presents fine language as a sort of jabbering over the edge of the grave. Shestov said of Chekhov that what he was really doing was systematically killing human hopes, and this might be said, with more plausibility, about Beckett. But the strong, kind spirit of Chekhov invalidates the pessimism of his creations; and, for some of us, there are certain qualities in Beckett—the wit, the style, the glee—that work against the despair which his texts seem to be urging. Dr Kennedy has limited himself by concentrating on "language" to such a degree that he does not want to discuss what the playwrights are talking about. At one point he gets annoyed with John Arden for writing a pretty pastiche folk-song beginning "As I went down by Belsen town . . .". Then he apologizes for introducing his "personal value-judgment": he ought to have concentrated on stylistics, he feels. The self-imposed limitation leads him into barren fields of "linguistics": into considering, for instance, whether "the statistical analysis of the peak usage of three-letter as against four-letter words at the beginning of each line of a play" would be useful—he decides against doing this.

Bernard Shaw, the first of the six, does not seem a promising subject for one concerned to display playwrights' "awareness of the inadequacy of language". But in a particularly interesting essay Dr Kennedy does find ways to link Shaw to his theme—claiming, for instance, that "the balanced syntax, the rhythms, the hyper-articulateness, fend off the intellectual despair". Shaw is, on occasion, as keen as Osborne or Beckett to parody high-sounding language, to reduce grand aspirations to gibberish, and he can be equally ominous and lowering—notably, in the scene for the two heroic automata in *Back to Methuselah*. At other times, he is not as ominous as he wants to be. The balanced syntax is too stagy. Dr Kennedy plays a neat trick: by breaking up a rhetorical paragraph from *Too True to be Good* into half-finished sentences and short blurts—and we may agree that this version would be more theatrically effective on the contemporary stage than Shaw's original, too polished to be moving, too smooth to be good.

There is also in Shaw, on occasion, an evident feeling that the words he uses are inadequate for certain difficult ideas which he would like to express. But this is scarcely a blow against "language". Shaw is sometimes, especially when he is dealing with religious concepts, in a similar position to that of T. S. Eliot, the second of Dr Kennedy's six. If we use verbs, we can put it: "What Shaw and Eliot want to say is hard to formulate, hard to grasp." But if we use abstract nouns and talk of "the inadequacy of language", it sounds as if Language was in the dock or on its deathbed or some sort of failed examination candidate. As Dr Kennedy says in his last chapter, the phrase "a crisis of language in drama" is only "shorthand, and should be avoided in glib company". I hope I am not being glib; but I think that kind of shorthand can be misleading.

Dr Kennedy's conclusion seems to be that all six of his dramatists—Shaw, Eliot, Beckett, Pinter, Osborne and Arden—have, in their time, not only searched for but found a new kind of dramatic language. They have all been dissatisfied with the language of earlier dramatists, have changed conventions, and contrived to present original, unasked-for, obscure and sometimes unpopular concepts to audiences who wish to be entertained, in language that actors are pleased to use. This book is a record of achievement, really, despite Dr Kennedy's somewhat apprehensive tone. He does, at any rate, conclude with an expression of grudging optimism from the Ardens' play, *The Island of the Mighty*. Great Arthur himself, *olim futurusque*, announces: "It is possible our civilization does not lapse into complete savagery quite as rapidly as I feared."

[illegible]he secret man of Sicily

[illegible]aul Bailey

[illegible]RE GIUDICE:
[illegible]ello
[illegible]ated by Alastair Hamilton
[illegible] Oxford University Press.

[illegible]ing to the blurb, Gaspare [illegible] biography of Pirandello [illegible]cribed by a reviewer in the [illegible] *della Sera* as "a must for [illegible]ello wants to penetrate the [illegible]ight's mind". In the inter[illegible] accuracy, let me state at [illegible]hat anyone who genuinely [illegible] penetrate Pirandello's mind [illegible] this wretched book an [illegible]. mustn't. It is inade[illegible]ate every level—biographical, [illegible] and historical. This may [illegible]omething to do with the fact [illegible] is an abridged translation, [illegible] very much to judge by what [illegible] Hamilton has decided to [illegible]. That industrious and com[illegible]ife has been very skimpily [illegible]ted for.

[illegible]ever a question needs a [illegible]ory answer, Giudice colludes to be the reverse of pene[illegible]. Why did Pirandello marry [illegible]ella Portulano, a woman he [illegible] be his intellectual inferior? [illegible] did her madness affect [illegible]? What influence did his [illegible]ellian upbringing have on [illegible]ing? Giudice, by inference, raises these, and many other, questions but leaves the reader to come to his own conclusions. It is typical of his approach to come out with the scarcely surprising observation that *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and *Henry IV* are Pirandello's masterpieces, and then neglect to explain why. Presumably Giudice has read everything Pirandello wrote—a considerable feat in itself—so one would assume that he was in a position to show how those two startling plays compare with the lesser-known works of the playwright's maturity. He does no such responsible thing. After a time, the book becomes as compulsive as a laundry list, with title after title cropping up, accompanied either by a quick résumé of the plot or an arbitrary critical judgment: Pirandello's inspiration seems to have arrived from nowhere.

At no point in this biography does Giudice connect the life to the work. One gets the impression that Pirandello simply plucked an idea out of the air and wrote it down. The only clues to the sources of that unsettling vision are provided in quotations from articles by his son, Stefano, and the novelist Leonardo Sciascia. Otherwise, it's just a matter of plodding through the facts: a little-known writer of stories and novels achieves world fame with one play, befriends Mussolini and wins the Nobel Prize. If there was any point in writing about such an elusive character as Pirandello, it was surely to shed a little light on a tantalizingly mysterious human being. It isn't enough to portray him as a Sicilian misogynist who for no discernible reason took to writing plays in middle age. But that is as far as Giudice's penetration goes.

His failure to understand Pirandello's contradictory nature is never more obvious than when he is describing the writer's domestic life. Perhaps he chose to be particularly vague on this topic for reasons of good taste. Yet he has no hesitation in suggesting that the tormented relationship with Antonietta made a deep impact on his work, especially in his treatment of madness. A pretty obvious point, one would have thought, but Giudice doesn't bother to substantiate it. He prefers to plod along to the next chapter, "The Theatre" covers Pirandello's first years as a dramatist: "Success", his success; "Fascism", his political views—but the man is missing from all these over-neat, fact-crammed sections.

Giudice does not begin to make it clear why Pirandello should be considered a major writer—the main task, surely, of a literary biographer writing in a spirit of respectful admiration. Pirandello remains "L'uomo segreto", as an earlier biographer shrewdly called him. Signor Giudice has not discovered his secret. Like his hero Laudisi, Pirandello is still enjoying the last laugh.

The text of David Storey's play *Life Class* has been published by Cape (90pp. £2.50. Paperback, £1.25).

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The second greatest show on earth

By Richard Mayne

ROGER MANVELL:
Films of the Second World War
388pp. Dent. £5.95.

Man's lunar landings, said some joker, are the greatest show on earth. War runs them a close second. Suspense, violence, mammoth spectacle, life-and-death issues, relatively clear-cut allegiances, the zest of a good cause—the savage or schoolboy in everyone has a field-day in war films. When there is no big war for armchair Othellos, we remember or invent one. The crime series on television, with Kojak, Harry O., Cannon or Ironside replacing the Second World War 'democracies' (even to the point of reviving Roosevelt's wheelchair), resemble commando raids on the enemy-occupied underworld—peaceful men drafted for the occasion, using restrained violence against fascist or Nazi-style thugs. Stirred and entertained by these slick moral fables, we ought not to smile too complacently at some of the movies made for wartime audiences. They, in many ways, were *nos semblables, nos pères*.

Roger Manvell, doyen of British film encyclopedists, has now devoted a 390-page book to the films produced in and about the Second World War, not only in the democracies, but also in occupied Europe, the Axis, and what he calls the "socialist" countries—that is, the Soviet Union's Communist empire. For movie magpies, it makes fascinating pickings. Here are the details of heroic *March of Time* compilation films, trying to prod Americans into awareness of Hitler's ambitions long before the United States government felt free to act overtly; here are long-forgotten British efforts like *Arf a Mo', Hitler*; here, too, are German, Italian and Japanese war films with strikingly different attitudes to the common struggle. Recalling Ruth Benedict's study of Japanese culture, *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*, Dr Manvell reminds us that Japanese viewers felt no need for "happy endings": films which in the United States or Britain would be poor propaganda were seen in Japan as supreme examples of obedient self-sacrifice—not *hara-kiri*, but duty done.

Nor does Dr Manvell confine his study to the war years. One of the striking features of his narrative, as the tide turns and the frontiers roll back with it, is the change in films' attitudes to war. In the first years of the Second World War, British films reflected the social backgrounds of their makers. Directors and actors projected an assured, settled world in which Leslie Howard became an archetypal figure: handsome, mild-mannered, a trifle dilettante, but deeply honest, courageous, and acute—the public-school virtues packaged for a mass audience. *Pimpernel Smith* gave him his most characteristic role. Some of the real inhabitants of the twilight world between resistance and espionage were in fact not unlike him, so there was a touch of social realism in the caricature. But, as Dr Manvell and many others have pointed out, it took some time before ordinary people in British war films became more than lovable Cockneys, Mummerset rustics, or Bunny Doyle Northerners full of blunt common sense. Charles French's *The Foreman Went to France* was a notable departure from the stereotype in 1942—though even that, realistic as it seemed at the time, included Tommy Trinder among the cast. A further step away from unreality was *Western Approaches*, directed by Pat Jackson in 1944. this time with non-professional actors; and still more authentic were such compilation films as *Desert Victory*, shot in battle by newsreel men at the risk of their lives.

In these ways, war films matured as the war continued: but in one basic sense they remained simple. In the phrase of the time, there was a war on: so film-makers, like almost every one else, had to see the struggle in terms of Them and Us. If there were ambiguities or complications, they were confined to the ambivalent role of the Soviet Union, first allied with the Axis, then with the democracies: but once Hitler had invaded Russia the issue—for films at least—became simple once again. Only in the United States were doubts still prevalent: Michael Curtiz's 1943 film *Mission to Moscow* aroused a storm, and not only because it glossed over some repugnant aspects of Soviet life and policy. In Britain, we all whistled tunes like "Russian Rose" and admired our Slav allies without worrying too much about the nature of their regime. Indeed, some film-makers and others were convinced that Britain had something to learn from the Russian Revolution. Underlying the "message", implicit or overt, of many British war films there was a further "message" about war aims: that the "better world" we were fighting for was not only a world cleansed of Nazi or fascist dictatorship, but also one of greater equality and social justice. Films like Paul Rotha's *The World of Plenty* made a powerful plea; and, although they were rarities, similar appeals were heard elsewhere, from J. B. Priestley's BBC *Postscripts* to countless wartime ABCA lectures. For some, the "common struggle" had become a class struggle: for others, it was a struggle for law and order on a world scale.

Even so, one element was common to all these endeavours: and that was a deep sense of self-righteousness. It haunts much social thinking still. But in wartime it was fuelled by danger as well as indignation; and, while it gave wartime films what now seems a slightly hollow rhetoric, it was right and proper at the time. For all their faults, the democracies were better than the dictatorships; and, for all the appeal of quietist pacifism, we surely had to defend ourselves.

Fate Ebenezer thought it wrong to fight;
But roaring Bill, who killed him, thought it right.

At the time, alternatives looked frivolous: to a majority, they still do.

But, as the Second World War drew to an end, new mounds emerged, in film-making as elsewhere. Our minds became civilianized—to the point, today, at which we give in to hijackers or urban guerrillas rather than risk civilian lives. Scruples suppressed in wartime came back to the surface. In some cases this was understandable: mass bomber raids, the Dresden fire-storm, and the obscenity of Hiroshima were surely aberrations, to say the least, even if the fact was later to be exploited for other, more narrowly political, ends. But the general trend was undeniable—towards the more sophisticated view of warfare for which we now had time. Just as "psychological" Westerns now began to examine the reality behind games of cowboys and Indians, so the *Boy's Own Paper* aspect of the Second World War, chronicling slaughter in metaphors from the cricket field, now came under harsher scrutiny. Still self-righteous, but in a different way, we began to criticize our certainties of a few years ago. The result was a series of films of which Anthony Asquith's *Orders to Kill*

John Barrymore in the 1920 version of Jekyll and Hyde.

may serve as an ex[illegible] attempts to delve [illegible] aganda, see good [illegible] and evil in ourselves.

To any historian [illegible] of his own past, it [illegible] how far such recons[illegible] valid. The psychol[illegible] was very different [illegible] more leisurely [illegible] retrospect. And for [illegible] some of the more [illegible] dramas, such as the C[illegible] television, may acc[illegible] to the feeling of th[illegible] they now appear.

Dr Manvell dete[illegible] these questions in pa[illegible] his book provides [illegible] thought about them [illegible] his section on "esca[illegible] ing reminds us of [illegible] choices that faced sch[illegible] Visconti and Rossell[illegible] wartime film-making [illegible] dergoing a revolution [illegible] which in the end go[illegible] *masterpieces*. Rossel[illegible] even more than his [illegible] *Aperta*, held together [illegible] the heroism and the [illegible] its ironies and its [illegible] far more successfully [illegible] the films produced by [illegible]

The reason, I woul[illegible] very simple. "Our" [illegible] war has never [illegible] changed, even now. [illegible] reason why it should [illegible] of countries whose [illegible] betrayed them—Nazi G[illegible] cist Italy, Vichy [illegible] forced to re-evaluate [illegible] positions their leaders [illegible] adopted, and to re[illegible] values for which we, in [illegible] of-course way, had fou[illegible] tish people were shielde[illegible] ethical traumas of occ[illegible] resistance, and later [illegible] It took us far longer to [illegible] feelings of those w[illegible] these mental earthquak[illegible] took us time to reali[illegible] too, had been losers in [illegible] is this, I believe, tha[illegible] explain Britain's slow [illegible] biguous approach to th[illegible] of European unity. [illegible] many years, that we w[illegible] different from our re[illegible] the Continent. In this [illegible] were right. Perhaps [illegible] danger will do wha[illegible] danger failed to: but it [illegible] feel that good films will [illegible] of that.

Where the marshmallow coils

By Eric Korn

WILLIAM K. EVERSON:
Classics of the Horror Film
247pp. LSP Books. £5.90.

Fate cannot harm me: I have supped full of horrors today. Wiping the unspeakable crumbs from my bloodless lips with a hairy claw, I gibber my compliments to the chef. He has cooked up a substantial and spicy ghoulash, avoiding an excess of analytical lemon or the schmaltz of fandom. *Classics of the Horror Film* is a handsome quarto, sensibly organized (though without index), with a scholarly and unpretentious text and just over 300 delectable photographs (naughtily described in the blurb as nearly 400). The method is anthological; for some fifty films we are given credits, plot, outline and evaluation. The brood of each slithering or shambling progenitor is briefly reviewed. Thus *The Mummy* (Karl Freund, 1932) has littered *The Mummy's Hand, The Mummy's Tomb, The Mummy's Curse*, and *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* (to say nothing of *I was a Teenage Mummy*). To cope with the Tomb Boom that began in the 1950s, when Nasty, Things proliferated like toadstools after rain ("But Doctor, the mushrooms . . . they're moving"), Mr Everson is obliged to add a few brief survey chapters: "Vampires", "Edgar Allan Poe", "Madness" and so forth.

The coverage of his chosen field (the Potter's Field, of course) is thorough, but the boundaries are pleasantly idiosyncratic. Roughly, it is whatever puts the frighteners on, excluding science fiction and straight thrillers. But then Horror (unlike Terror) is always private: for me *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* was the most chilling, twitching, bowel-dissolving experience of my life, and I've had mixed feelings about apples ever since. Some people—even some children—think it's a children's film. One man's meat, very often, is another man's sister. So Mr Everson includes Tod Browning's *Sparrows*, which stars Mary Pickford of all people, for its eerie chase sequence, but excludes *Night of the Hunter*, and gives only a passing mention to *M*. The SF rule eliminates *Forbidden Planet* (known to its admirers as "Doctor Who meets Prospero"), though its monster from the Id was one of the few imaginative menaces the genre has spawned.

King Kong, of course, has star treatment as "the only major monster movie to escape alliance with the science fiction genre". This needs more exegesis than it gets; but obviously our large shaggy pal had to be eligible somehow. There is not much new to say about it, but Mr Everson is interesting on the physical maltreatment of the surviving prints: a deliberate darkening of the entire print in order to tone down the gory detail, in addition to the ever-to-be-lamented loss of the sequence of KK leisurely detaching the clothes from Fay Wray. Incidentally, a couple of artist's impressions of this scene appear in Jean Boullet's book *La Belle et la Bête* (1958), a juicy example of the dotty-pretentious school. "*King Kong* est, sans aucun doute possible, le plus grand film de l'histoire du cinéma mondial." Moreover, King Kong is Oedipal (like Little Red Riding Hood), says M Boullet, and is emasculated, like Chronos, by the Empire State Building, the biggest espidistra in the world. Mr Everson is a good deal more philosophical about the excisions than Boullet: the shots of Kong casually chewing natives lost him a lot of audience sympathy, we are told.

The obscure films that Mr Everson has seen exciting one's imagination and envy: *White Zombie*, the original *Mystery of the Wax Museum, The Magician*, *The Wizard* (Richard Rosson, [illegible]) not be invoked by even the most devout searching; Mr Everson had to reconstruct it like a [illegible] reptile from the scattered [illegible] contemporary criticism. The [illegible] incidentally, featured in [illegible] one of the earliest [illegible] black medical register [illegible] who go too far and [illegible] Haddo, Dr Cyclops, Dr [illegible] *Love* rather than *Dead [illegible]*, Peter Lorre's make-up [illegible] they say, the inspiration [illegible] Kane), Dr Rigas, a [illegible] Jekyll, and my own [illegible] Vitus Vandergast (Bela [illegible] *The Black Cat*, 1934). There [illegible] a massive clot of vampires [illegible] ing the wonderful [illegible] Schreck adding a new [illegible] *schrecklichkeit* in Nosferatu, 1927) as he progresses [illegible] an ogival door like a [illegible] fin lid on roller skates. [illegible] prefers Dreyer's *Vampyr*, [illegible] not mention the same director's *Day of Wrath*, one of the [illegible] films.

European films in gen[illegible] meagre showing, I [illegible] sure an Soviet horror [illegible] there must be some [illegible] frights. And what about [illegible] ghost movies—or [illegible] *Monogatari* transcend [illegible] tations of category? [illegible] son cannot be faulted [illegible] of taste (he despises the [illegible] and only rarely on [illegible] (Lugosi is described as [illegible] man and wolfman, on [illegible] island; Grimes, as a [illegible] does not begin with [illegible] *Babies* but reaches back [illegible] Peter Grimes and the [illegible] Grim the Collier to [illegible] and beyond). But he [illegible] about the exclusions than Boullet: [illegible] complain when so [illegible] are lavished on [illegible] take our ease [illegible] marshmallow coils [illegible] bled headstones, and [illegible] mercurocrite fluid [illegible] the cerebral electricity.

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Philip French

[illegible]ARD CORLISS:
[illegible]ing Pictures
[illegible]nwriters of Hollywood
[illegible]y. David and Charles. £6.95.

[illegible] people have become rich [illegible]g screenplays, but few have [illegible]e famous. Anita Loos, a [illegible]er of American screenwriting, [illegible]own for her novel *Gentlemen [illegible] Blondes*, nor for her screen[illegible] only a handful of movie [illegible]alists know the name of Carl [illegible], a brilliant screenwriter who [illegible] wrote a word for any other [illegible]am: he scripted *The Cabinet of [illegible]ligari* and *The Last Laugh* and [illegible]ne of the prime movers of the [illegible]an expressionist cinema.

[illegible]hough many leading writers—[illegible] and Wells among them—have [illegible]ably and happily engaged in [illegible]ating their work to the screen, [illegible]ajority of writers in the Eng[illegible]peaking world have had un[illegible]ant experiences and have [illegible]ted in a bitter frame of mind, [illegible] to avenge themselves on the [illegible]ery which they felt had cheated [illegible] while handing them rich [illegible]s. The idea most people have [illegible]e professional screenwriter [illegible] less resemblance to Dudley [illegible]s, Jacques Prévert or T. E. B. [illegible] than to Scott Fitzgerald's [illegible]ite hack Pat Hobby, the man [illegible]arely opened a book "because [illegible]ade his head bang to read [illegible]".

[illegible] aim of Richard Corliss's [illegible]g *Pictures* is to do belated [illegible]e to the Hollywood screen[illegible]s, to prove that they are en[illegible] as much credit as the direc[illegible] and in many cases a good deal [illegible]. It is Corliss's third bite at this [illegible] of cherry pie. The first was a [illegible]l number of his magazine *Film [illegible]ent* several years ago; the [illegible] an expansion of this into a [illegible]perback symposium called *The [illegible]ood Screenwriters* (1972) [illegible] contained essays by several [illegible] and the results of a question[illegible]submitted to various scenarists [illegible]d out how they had fared in [illegible]wood. (The surprising answer [illegible]hat most didn't think they had [illegible] treated too badly, and con[illegible]d film a director's medium [illegible]y. Several of the respondents [illegible]ed like only slightly more [illegible] versions of Pat Hobby.) The [illegible]ook elaborates at enormous length Corliss's introduction to the paperback, and takes the form of essays on thirty-eight screenwriters with detailed comment on a hundred of their films.

Corliss is a witty and perceptive critic who has done much industrial archaeology to substantiate his claims. But most general readers will find this book none too rewarding, especially as the author expects them to recall the plots of nearly every film he writes about. They have also got to be ready for such insights as (in describing the importance of Frank Tashlin's *Bachelor Flat*): "Terry-Thomas's pet tooth serves as the perfect iconographical metaphor for the impotence that underlies all of Tashlin's breast and penis gags." Still, there is no doubt that he makes out a good case for accepting his view that the themes running through many screenwriters' work are as interesting as those of most directors—which is a qualified tribute. He covers himself, moreover, with the statement that "the hallmark of many fine screenwriters is versatility, not consistency". He describes amusingly three layers of authorship: the procrusteans ("the indifferent work of a mediocre writer"), the protean ("the gem-polishing of a gifted adapter"), and the promethean ("the creation of a superior original script like Herman J. Mankiewicz's *Citizen Kane*").

The preface to *Talking Pictures* is by the American critic (and Professor of Film at New York University) Andrew Sarris, which is rather like finding Henry Ford delivering the keynote address at the annual conference of the Pedestrians' Association. For Sarris's enthronement of the Hollywood director is precisely what has called Corliss's book into being. In 1962 Sarris introduced to America the so-called "Auteur Theory", or *politique des auteurs*, which Truffaut, Rohmer, Chabrol, Godard et al had developed during the 1950s in *Cahiers du Cinéma* to justify their admiration for Hollywood's popular, non-literary cinema. Once a director had been adopted by the more extreme auteur theorists he became a subject for exegesis rather than criticism. Sarris's original article in the avant-garde film journal *Film Culture* was followed by a special edition of the same magazine in which he offered a complete revaluation of the American cinema in terms of its directors, with pithy notes on over a hundred of them, arranged in a variety of categories starting with his pantheon of twelve masters. (Corliss's pantheon is composed of ten writers he calls "author-auteurs".)

Sarris later expanded his *Film Culture* survey into a book (*The American Cinema: Directors and Directions 1929-1968*) but his two articles and his *Village Voice* criticism had already done their work. It was a case of an idea whose time had come: the rapidly expanding American film schools needed a new and academically respectable field to conquer. Suddenly it was there, in their own backyard: it was as if Sarris had revisited an old mine and upgraded the quality of its ore. Hollywood offered thousands of films to be retrieved and revalued (many of them to be seen merely by switching on television for the *Late, Late Show*); hundreds of elderly and not so elderly artists to be tapped for thousands of hours of taped reminiscence (the newly established American Film Institute set up the "Louis B. Mayer American Oral History Projects" for this purpose); hoards of hitherto ignored papers and scripts to be acquired and studied. And there was no need to learn a foreign language or understand a foreign culture. Corliss's book, for all its self-consciously dialectical relationship to Sarris's, is merely a further exploration of this field.

By the end Corliss has not made out a case for rewriting screen history in terms of Hollywood's screenwriters. All he has done is to establish the sensible point that the director should not as a matter of course be elevated at the expense of his collaborators. We should not accept too readily the mystical aspect of directorial authorship embraced by the French critics and their English-speaking followers: the kind of idolization that makes the director in contemporary cultural mythology a long-suffering hero forever embattled with wicked moguls bent on preventing him from expressing his cherished vision in all its purity. This is the kind of thing that makes possible a book with the title *The Film Director as Superstar* and which is expressed by Sarris when he writes:

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One of the sharpest ripostes to this view was made by Frederic Raphael in the lengthy essay on the screenwriter's situation that accompanied the publication of his script for Stanley Donen's *Two for the Road*:

> Film critics are so determined to credit the directors with all the generative force that they act as a deterrent to the entry of serious writing into the cinema. We need an aesthetic—is a creative morality—which accepts and encourages the notion of collaborative art, despite its dangers and the difficulty of establishing its standards, and which does not rely supinely on the convenient myth of the divine right of directors.

The problem here is that it is not always easy without inside knowledge to distinguish between the contributions of the director, the producer, the screenwriter, the designer, the actor, the editor, the composer and the cinematographer. In order to arrive at a proper apportioning of praise or blame one would have to compile a detailed case history of each movie: a time-consuming business, but one now eagerly pursued by film scholars the world over. It is perhaps advisable, when there is some doubt, to compliment or criticize the director as the leader of a team of collaborators. We will of course continue to speak—as a form of shorthand or as a just recognition of the principal artist involved—about Hitchcock's *Psycho*, Ingmar Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* and Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin*. Or Otto Preminger's *Exodus*—as in the famous story of the press agent who said a little too eagerly: "But Otto, that's what everyone's been waiting for."

[illegible]ne non-commercials

Richard Combs

[illegible]EN DWOSKIN:
[illegible] . . .
International Free Cinema
[illegible] Peter Owen. £6.35 (Paper[illegible] available May, £3.75).

[illegible] his title, and its self-refer[illegible]ature, Stephen Dwoskin steers [illegible] both theory and extended [illegible]e in *Film Is* . . . a survey [illegible]underground" cinema, and [illegible] continually that the whole [illegible] may be redundant:

> [illegible]lacuss a language that is pri[illegible]ly visual, or that uses visual [illegible] with auditory means, by [illegible]s of another language—the [illegible]—is both dangerous and [illegible]lt.

[illegible]g the catchphrase "under[illegible]neagre showing, I [illegible]ure an Soviet horror [illegible] there must be some [illegible] frights. And what about [illegible] ghost movies—or [illegible] *Monogatari* transcend [illegible]tations of category? [illegible]son cannot be faulted [illegible] of taste (he despises the [illegible] and only rarely on [illegible] (Lugosi is described as [illegible] man and wolfman, on [illegible] island; Grimes, as a [illegible] does not begin with [illegible] *Babies* but reaches back [illegible] Peter Grimes and the [illegible] Grim the Collier to [illegible] and beyond). But he [illegible] complain when so [illegible] are lavished on [illegible] take our ease [illegible] marshmallow coils [illegible] bled headstones, and [illegible] mercurocrite fluid [illegible] the cerebral electricity.

[illegible] his pantheon of twelve masters. (Corliss's pantheon is composed of ten writers he calls "author-auteurs".)

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GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN

TLS Commentary

Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Laurence Sterne is a National Portrait Gallery picture if there ever was one. It is good to know that this story is after all to end happily. The portrait was painted in 1760, when Reynolds was thirty-seven, and Sterne was enjoying the sensation caused by the publication of the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, which are also featured in the portrait, though not in our detail (above, left).

It has been a bit of a cliff-hanger; only when Manchester City Art Gallery said it was prepared to match the Government's £25,000 did the NPG "suddenly discover" (in Hugh Jenkins's phrase) that the money could be found. One might say—with hindsight—that it might have been raised sooner with the help of a special exhibition of other major portraits of Sterne, together with the illustrations by Hogarth, Rowlandson and Cruikshank, and material from Shandy Hall and private collections.

For Reynolds's view was by no means the only view of Sterne, though it may have been—understandably—the one the writer preferred; it was probably a mezzotint of the Reynolds that he gave his beloved Elizabeth Draper to hang over her desk. Other views of him were as striking if less flattering: the caricature of 1769 (centre) by Thomas Patch makes much of the nose, and the heroic marble bust by Nollekens (right) exposes the arresting, eccentric personality.

Sterne himself has a word on this episode:

> Every author has a set in bringing his pieces for my own part, nothing and biggling in a dark entry within myself, ever beginning, to deal openly with your this affair, and should not come of it.

The foliage society

Sheer prettiness is rather unfashionable nowadays among children's book illustrators, though for some people the magic of Arthur Rackham and Edmund Dulac marks a high point from which there could only be a decline. Walter Crane too was one of the greats; and about a hundred of his best illustrations are reproduced in *Walter Crane as a Book Illustrator* by Rodney K. Engen (105pp. Academy £3.95). Walter Crane's illustrations are unmistakeable, and unmistakeably pretty. Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott profited by his success, and though he considered them as rivals, he saw their work as "pictorial" and his own as "decorative". When he designed a book, he encrusted every available space with decoration—covers, endpapers, tailpieces, panels, borders, illuminated initials—and everything done in the grand and graceful manner, with trails and festoons of foliage, blossoms, birds, columns, and sumptuous clothes for both beauties and beasts.

Tailpiece for Grimm, *1882.*

Crane, born in 1845, was apprenticed as a boy to the radical engraver W. J. Linton, and learnt to draw bedsteads for mail-order catalogues, dissection diagrams for surgeons, and criminals for the *News of the World* before setting up independently at only seventeen. His earliest successes were his designs for Warne's "sixpenny toybooks" in the 1860s and 1870s, which sold enormously. Some of his best illustrations, for *Beauty and the Beast* and *The Yellow Dwarf*, for example, were for Warne toybooks.

He got to know Morris and Burne-Jones, and moved on to designing interiors, wallpapers and fabrics in the Morris manner; he illustrated Oscar Wilde's *The Happy Prince* and many of Mrs Molesworth's books. His obsession with strong curved lines makes his black and white illustrations seem like bowdlerized Beardsley; some of his work was in *The Yellow-Book* for 1894.

Crane was no dilettante; he formulated his theories of design in books and lectures, and ended up as Principal of the Royal College of Art. Clarity of line was his gospel; he hated "laced sketchiness" and the smudged-charcoal style of drawing. His publisher said he was a genius, but that he was no good at "figure subjects of everyday life". Since he mostly drew princesses and flowers and fairies and animals, this didn't matter much. But it is why his Cinderella is such a disaster. She sits sulky, overdressed and overweight, displaying her perfect profile, like someone from Upstairs briefly visiting Downstairs. The Ugly Sisters, on the other hand, have panache. All his beautiful ladies are stylized and magnificent, with great round thighs under the draperies; they are at their best in balletic poses being Lilies of the Valley or Faerie Queens.

Most of his work was for children; books like *The Baby's Bouquet* were carefully thought out from the educational point of view. He designed reading books, alphabets, number books and song books. In later life Crane knew G. B. Shaw and became involved in the Fabian Society and idealistic socialism, and designed posters for the cause, "The Workers' Maypole" is a splendid example, with damsels and swains—unmistakably Cranian—amid flowers and birds, their ribbons entwining gracefully and displaying such slogans: "Employers' Liability" and "Abolition of Privilege". Crane is a paradox—like the whole art nouveau brigade—in that he did indeed contribute to the abolition of privilege, introducing first-class design into the new mass market for cheap children's books. Yet his world is a world of elegance and grace and fantasy and all things inaccessible and expensive.

Mr Engen's book is designed on agreeably Cranian principles, but we have to pay for it; even in the paperback version: if you peel off the price-sticker, you will see that the price rose by £1 between printing and publication. This is no sixpenny toybook, Walter Crane, who received no royalties from Warne on the thousands of toybooks sold, might not have approved.

Man and Superwoman

Everything is up to date in Gotham City, but it's still a surprise to find that superheroine number one now doubles as Ms Prince of the United Nations Crisis Bureau (see *Wonder Woman Comics* No 216). But it's only tokenism, like Bob Scott, the black Action Man figure advertised in the same issue. One glance at the anything-but-classically Amazonian attributes of Ms Prince's secret identity shows that we are still in the world of male fantasy, and the action bears this out: men may not land on Amazon Island because Aphrodite has doomed the inhabitants to fall desperately for the first masculine foot that treads its sacred sands. Even the black Canary (alias Ms Ames) finds this too shaming, and vows to keep it from Superman, Batman, Captain Marvel and the other chauvinists of the Justice League of America. For reasons only apparent to more devoted readers, Wonder Woman is still a probationary member of the league.

Pressure is building up in the letters page, however, and the mind-boggling est part of the magazine—most of the letters are mainly from observers who have a style at once [illegible] and furry like Andy Mc[illegible]munks. "Every female [illegible] a hearty thanks" [illegible] Duffy of Garden City, [illegible] Givens of Gehenna, [illegible] happy about the [illegible] Kung-fu ("please take more of destructive [illegible] and 204 plastic revolutionary soldiers are aimed at [illegible]dership? The editor, [illegible]dulgent wag with the [illegible] his wife answer: [illegible] there would be much [illegible] for 204 Amazon Warriors, he too sure. What [illegible] Batboy (they did the Bizarro ("a weird [illegible]plicate of Superman") [illegible] of the gang, they have [illegible] problem over their [illegible] Woman may have [illegible] Watch our next issue [illegible] Marvel meets Lysistrata.

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Chatto & Windus

A clergyman's daughter

By Peter Green

HITCHMAN:
Strange Lady
raphy of Dorothy L. Sayers
New English Library. £2.95.

Upon a time—to be precise, June 13, 1893—a little girl Dorothy was born amid the long spires of Oxford, and, as befitted a story on such occasions, a Good Fairy and Bad Fairy were there to attend her cradle, with their gifts might seem appropriate. The Good Fairy, a romantic type, got there first. She bestowed on Dorothy fame, wealth, beauty, first-class brains, a gift for languages and music, an artistic and temperament, the soul of a lover, and a lifelong involvement with God. The Bad Fairy, at fate, nursing a hangover, like Greek gods, she could not countermand gifts already issued; but she could, and did, do everything in her power to neutralize them by endowing the baby with a less desirable traits. She made Dorothy large, awkward, mannish and intense, with a unattractive voice, a weakness for rhetoric, and a self-defeating naivety in affairs of the heart. She ensured that the writer's path would be won in a way that effectively prevented scholars from taking her seriously, and wasted her marvellous linguistic gifts until it was almost—but not quite—too late. She made the problem child a persona aggressive, pernickety and a trifle ridiculous. Then she went home, soundly confident in the abortive effect of her actions, and left with a lurking (and, as it turned out, justified) suspicion that God and the imagination could yet frustrate her plans at the eleventh hour.

What", asked Tertullian, "has Athens to do with Jerusalem, what Academy with the Church?" Many readers following the course of Dorothy L. Sayers's public career must have found themselves asking much the same question. Did the creator of Lord Peter Wimsey end up translating Dante? Or drove a master of detective fiction to become exclusively involved in Christian apologetics, as a schoolboy essayist put it, from a life of crime to the path of England (which in fact she had never really left)? Her somewhat disingenuous answer was that the whodunits had simply run out on her in the end: "I wrote Peter Wimsey books when I was young and had no money. I got some money, and then I started writing novels and began to do what I've always wanted to do." This claim justifiably infuriated Wimsey fans, and provoked the self-righteousness drew a great deal of fire from cynical critics: the late Sir Maurice Bowra, for example, is said to have denigrated Miss Sayers on joining the First Church of Christ Criminologist. "No one", as Miss Hitchman reminds us in her *Strange Lady*, "put more of herself into her writings than did Dorothy L. Sayers", and this is partly true as regards the Wimsey books. It may well explain, indeed, her violent animus against those who attempted, during her own lifetime, to mine her for biographical data.

Her activities were stimulated, at least in part, by Miss Sayers's traditional secretiveness (understandable, as it turns out) about her private life. For a woman who lived so incessantly she gave away surprisingly little: even close friends often knew her for years without learning where she lived. She is sometimes said—when her will does not contain such clause—to have stipulated that no book about her should appear until 50 years after her death. Similarly, Ms Hitchman reports that she was denied access to the subject's "most personal papers", and has had no assistance (indeed, in some cases, with active obstruction") from executors, family, and close friends. No one wonders, was hiding? And how much of it did Ms Hitchman miss? Not much, I fancy. Given the same crime how appropriate an author so deft at plotting fictional mysteries should be behind one of her own! Publication, in her lifetime, wholly has been much stimulated lately by Wimsey's translation to TV thigh-class soup-opera seems a suitable fate for books which in 1967 Gollancz was bulk-selling to Palmolive-Peet). Most of her books, including the Penguin Dante and *The Man Born to be King*, continue to be reprinted. Sooner or later, a biography was inevitable.

On the other hand, why *this* one? Ms Hitchman, a former Dr Barnardo's Home orphan, once wrote a brilliant and highly successful autobiography called *The King of the Barbareens*, followed it up with a novel, and has achieved considerable success as a broadcaster, journalist, and public speaker. But what led her publishers to pick on her as a biographer of Dorothy L. Sayers, and to persist in their choice even after a first refusal? She never knew Miss Sayers personally; she was not at Oxford (and is capable, astonishingly, of writing of *Gaudy Night* as the worst Wimsey novel); she is no Dante scholar, much less a theologian; her interest in detective fiction, let alone mediaeval Latin or Anglo-Norman, would appear to be peripheral; and in many respects her personal views are unlikely to coincide with those of her subject, whose High Toryism, assorted class-cum-ethnic prejudices, and relentless cultural one-upmanship could, on occasion, be very tedious indeed. Her original refusal to undertake the commission was prompted by a realistic consideration: "I was awestruck by the breadth of her work and did not think that apart from the Wimsey books, I could possibly claim to interpret her writing." She was also scared by the dearth of material (the reader will note that her book contains no photograph of Dorothy between the ages of nine and about 50, with the possible exception of that on the dustjacket). In the end she capitulated, and did the job. As she readily admits, *Such a Strange Lady* cannot, for several reasons—above all, the withholding of crucial personal documents—be regarded as the definitive life; but need it, on top of that, have been quite so relentlessly slapdash?

It is hard to believe that Dorothy herself would have approved this book—and not merely because of the energetic way in which the author has rummaged through her carefully guarded private life. There are, indeed, many worse sins than that of dragging conventional skeletons out of family cupboards, and one which would surely (to judge from some of her published *obiter dicta*) have set Dorothy's teeth on edge is her biographer's apparent indifference to the niceties of English prose. Words are misspelt ("meretriculous", "perjorative"), and paragraphs often thrown together in a distinctively haphazard fashion. Worse, the book has neither index, secondary bibliography, nor formal documentation. Thus without prior knowledge it is impossible to be sure about the exact source for any statement, let alone confirm its validity. The author claims to have read "hundreds of Miss Sayers's letters" (but to whom?), and since she describes her as "probably the last of the great letter-writers", we can only regret that she does not quote them verbatim more often or identify them clearly when she does. It is hard to determine just which leads she has followed up: did she, for instance, use Vera Brittain's *Testament of Youth* or *The Women at Oxford*? She argues, with justice, that until more key evidence is released "one has to use her methods of detection to get at the 'real' Dorothy L. Sayers", but adds "and I make no claim to have done that"—a perversely modest statement, since in her own hit-and-miss way she equally has ferreted out, a good deal, and the one unquestionable virtue which *Such a Strange Lady* possesses is that of presenting certain facts, hitherto unknown, about its subject's life.

Like everyone else, Ms Hitchman depends heavily for Dorothy's childhood on the posthumously published autobiographical lecture entitled "The Teaching of Latin: A New Approach" (which incidentally reveals how hilariously funny Dorothy could be when the mood took her). We see her instantly: a clever, isolated only child with a squint, brought up at home by her father, a brilliant but somewhat otherworldly clergyman and scholar, first in Oxford, and later, from 1897, at Bluntisham-cum-Earith in Huntingdonshire on the edge of the Fens. About her mother we learn nothing whatsoever, except that she was a great-niece of Percival Leigh, the co-founder of *Punch*, and supposedly provided Dorothy with her model for the Dowager Duchess of Denver. The girl learnt Latin, read voraciously, became proficient in French and German, but was allowed to ignore mathematics. The Fens scared her—a fear which she only exorcised, years later, in that superb novel

The Nine Tailors. At the age of sixteen, tall, gawky, and bespectacled, she was packed off to boarding-school (Ms Hitchman hints, delicately, at adolescent traumas), where her long neck got her nicknamed "Swanny", while her indifference to games, coupled with her utter ignorance of schoolgirl mores, clearly did not make her popular.

The experiment lasted two years. Dorothy was appointed a prefect (she turned out, as one might have expected, bossy and sarcastic), and caused further irritation by talking fluent German with Fraulein Fehmer, the piano teacher (they remained friends for years afterwards). Her contemporaries, most of whom had been there much longer than she had, resented her intensely. Then fate took a hand in the game. A virulent strain of measles swept through the school. Dorothy was not only left "looking like something thrown up by a famine", but lost almost all her hair. She stuck it out for a while with a wig, then suffered a complete nervous collapse, and ended the term in a nursing-home. She returned to Bluntisham to study for an Oxford scholarship, which she won. In 1912 she went up to Somerville. She fell in love with Oxford noisily, unoritically, and embarrassingly, as she was to do with every other object of her unruly affections. Like most solitary children whose only companions have been adults, she extended her self-absorption to include the world around her. Where social or personal relationships were concerned she still lacked any true sense of perspective. She joined the Bach Choir, and proceeded to worship its conductor, Hugh Allen, with a puppyish intensity that became a standing joke. She smoked cigars in the High, wore earrings "consisting of highly coloured parrots in gold wire cages", and became a minor tyrant as college bicycle-secretary. The outcrop of year caught her in France, but left her otherwise oddly untouched: she had her own thrashing ago to cope with, and it was a full-time job.

Vera Brittain has left a vivid glimpse of her as an undergraduate during this period, a jolly Joan Hunter-Dunn in-embryo:

> I took an immediate liking to Dorothy Sayers, who was affable to freshers and belonged to the "cream-of-every-cream-of-you" type. A bouncy, exuberant young female who always seemed to be preparing for tea-parties, she could be seen at almost any hour of the day or night scuttling about the top floor of the new Maitland building with a kettle in her hand and a little checked apron fastened over her skirt.

Confounding her academic critics, she took a good First in French—which at once raises the question of why she did not, like her contemporary Vera Farnell, stay at Somerville and pursue an academic career. It is hard to believe, when we read *Gaudy Night* and some of her early poetry, or learn of her later delight in an honorary doctorate, that she rejected Oxford: did Oxford reject her? Was there more, symbolically speaking, to the activities of the Poltergeist in "Shrewsbury" than meets the eye? Throughout her life one senses the impalpable ghost of a missed opportunity. The immediate future was anticlimactic: she simply went home to Bluntisham. Unlike Vera Brittain and Winifred Holtby, she apparently felt no urge to nurse soldiers at the front. She dutifully helped at Red Cross fêtes, wrote bitter little religious sonnets (including one which treats Christ as a kind of rejected lover), over-ate, day-dreamed and continually read detective stories. Perhaps it was hinted to her that she ought either to marry or get a job. There followed a two-year spell as modern language mistress at Hull High School for girls, where she delighted pupils and alarmed the staff by her unorthodox teaching techniques, seemingly much akin to those of Lady Carlotta in "The Schartz-Metterklume Method".

It is the following decade of Dorothy's life which constitutes the main key to her development, and which has hitherto contained the largest number of lacunae. Ms Hitchman deserves a good deal of credit for the detective work she has put in on this period. If some enigmas still remain (not least that concerning the genesis of Lord Peter Wimsey), the main pattern is now tolerably clear—and just about what might have been expected. In 1917 the Reverend Henry Sayers exchanged for a living even deeper in the Fens, at Christchurch near Wisbech, the main setting for *The Nine Tailors*. Dorothy herself, who had never completely severed her Oxford ties (she was joint-editor of *Oxford Poetry*, 1917-19), got a job as publisher's reader to Basil Blackwell. As she later wrote in an essay called "Are Women Human?" (1938), "I was an only child and had practically never seen or spoken to any men of my own age till I was about twenty-five", something easier for a Somerville girl then than it would be now. The Blackwell period coincided with her first burst of emancipation. This hearty but intense intellectual virgin, liable to burst into "Fling wide the gates, the Saviour waits" while striding down the High, found herself from now on peculiarly susceptible to the dottier urges of Eros.

She fell violently in love with Eric Whelpton, the future travel-writer, then an ex-officer and (according to one contemporary) a "big beautiful sex-pot", tracking him like the Hound of Heaven wherever he went. Her passion was not reciprocated, but Mr Whelpton, knowing a good linguist when he saw one, offered to take her as his administrative assistant to the French boarding-school where he had just secured a post. The experiment, predictably, proved a comic disaster. In 1920 Dorothy returned to England, took a series of temporary jobs, kept studying crime novels ("for that is where the money is") and finally, a year later, joined the advertising firm of S. H. Benson, where she was to remain until 1931, and which provided the setting and many of the characters for *Murder Must Advertise*. She obviously agreed with her sister-age Harriet Vane, who in *Have His Carcase* (perhaps her most boring book) was to identify "the best remedy for a bruised heart" as "honest work, physical activity, and the sudden acquisition of wealth". It was about this time that Lord Peter Wimsey first came into being (complete with his family, Bunter, Sugg, and Parker) in *Whose Body?*, a book that took longer gaining acceptance than it might because one central clue was the uncircumcised condition of the corpse. This *Ex-Wimsey*, in a much

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FABER & FABER

more fatuous and conventional figure than the alarmingly omni-competent genius of the later novels. He prattles away like Bertie Wooster, and has a face that "looked as if it had generated spontaneously from his top hat, as white maggots breed from Gorgonzola".

Who, if anyone, modelled for Wimsey? Two favourite candidates in the London literary world (both Oxford men, and one with Balliol connexions) Ms Hitchman does not mention at all. She thinks some features might have been taken from Eric Whelpton—whom Dorothy would also seem to have had in mind when drawing the physical portrait of Denis Cathcart in *Clouds of Witness*—but her prime candidate is a mysterious Russian émigré named John Cournos, who was in London and Oxford at this period, cultivating the literary scene with some assiduity. His *Autobiography* (1935), not available to Ms Hitchman, has photographs suggesting the right physical type; but it is hard to believe that so third-rate a writer could have been tolerated for five minutes by the fastidious Dorothy, let alone identified with Peter, did we not have evidence from her marriage that she was in fact ready to put up with a good deal worse. One curious fact about Cournos is that he did, in fact, have a protracted on-off affair, before and during the Great War, with an American girl called Dorothy, who seems to have possessed almost all her namesake's features: tallness, long neck, deep voice, black hair, slightly odd clothes. Ms Hitchman hints at a possible liaison: could this have been, on Cournos's part, a case of nostalgie *déjà vu*?

Novels such as *Unnatural Death* and *Strong Poison* suggest that during the earlier 1920s Dorothy was moving on the fringes of a somewhat *louche* stratum of London society. Her backgrounds were nothing if not topical, and her deadpan parodies of the "Soviet Club" and various advanced literary parties are clearly done from life. Drug-taking is not uncommon. Even more interesting is the quite gratuitous atmosphere of discreet lesbianism surrounding characters

such as Mary Whittaker and Vera Findlater in *Unnatural Death*, Harriet's friends in *Strong Poison*, and, more subtly, Ann Dorland in *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club*. Two particularly nasty murderers are medical men with a bee in the bonnet about morality and intellect resting on a purely physical or chemical foundation. Whatever Dorothy found in this world both intrigued and frightened her: did she perhaps write something of her own experience into *Clouds of Witness* through the persons of Lady Mary? She was thirty, unmarried still: convention and the *élan vital* combined to cause trouble. Philip Boyes and George Goyles both hint at an unsatisfactory relationship with some sort of "progressive" (Dorothy seldom invented either characters or plots). At all events, on January 3, 1924, she bore an illegitimate son. There is no indication in *Such a Strange Lady* of who the father may have been. Dorothy neither kept the child nor had it adopted; she simply farmed it out to an eccentric cousin (the model Miss Climpson) and tried, unsuccessfully, to ignore the problem.

She went back to Benson's, took up causes and hobbies (photography, motor-cycling), and let her prejudices run riot. She finished *Clouds of Witness*. Then, in April, 1926, she got married. Ms Hitchman unravels this affair very nicely. Oswald Arthur Fleming was a compulsive fantasist and a professional drone, with, unfortunately, the gift of the gab. He changed his name from Arthur to the more romantic sounding Atherton, and transformed his prosaic service as an RASC captain into an epic in which he depicted himself as a dashing major in the Royal Dragoons, the original of Beau Geste in the French Foreign Legion, the slaughterer of countless Jerries and the victim of shell-shock". He also fabricated an earlier career as a war correspondent. His first wife had divorced him for adultery in 1925; he began philandering again soon after his marriage to Dorothy. If Ms Hitchman is right, and I see no reason to doubt her, Mac (as he was known) never did a hand's turn of real work until his death in 1950; from start to finish Dorothy was the breadwinner. Mac—"the Major" to his neighbours, a self-awarded promotion—pottered about, tinkering with the car and applying himself, with increasing regularity, to the bottle. Even his supposed gourmet cook-book is oddly elusive. Dorothy drew him at least twice: once sympathetically, as George Fentiman in *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club*, and once, later, with singular animus, as the prissy, gourmandizing Harrison of *The Documents in the Case*, who ends up dead from muscarine poisoning. Small wonder that she never brought her son to live with them, though the boy did eventually take Fleming's name.

The pattern was now complete, and all the evidence suggests that Dorothy, that perennial only child, retreated farther and farther, as time went on, into the magic world of the imagination, where life's raw and bewildering uglinesses could be transmuted into pure gold, where truth and beauty not only went hand in hand but were identical. To counterpoint the long, exquisitely intellectual wooing of Peter and Harriet against the sad, shabby, comic facts is a revealing process. Poor Dorothy, prematurely middle-aged, with her moon-face, pince-nez, and thick ankles, her ballooning girth (Mac drank; she ate), her loud voice and ultra-Tory opinions, nevertheless contained within her that dark, elegant, elusive figure Harriet Vane. Inside this fat woman, proud and desperate, a thin one was indeed screaming to be let out. As reality grew more gross and nightmarish, so Peter Wimsey became ever more complex, ever more perfect. To let Harriet surrender, finally, was inevitable but perilous. With ideals it is always better to travel hopefully than to arrive, and after the explosion of sex in *Busman's Honeymoon*—characteristically camouflaged with literary quotations and passages in French—that tightrope-fine tension was gone for ever. (In 1939 Dorothy promised a new Wimsey novel with the intriguing title of *Thrones, Dominations*, which Ms Hitchman does not mention. It would be interesting to know if any of it in fact got written, or survives. By 1947 the novel must have been abandoned, since it was then that Dorothy at last announced that "there will be no more Peter Winseys".)

In my end is my beginning: before Wimsey's literary demise Dorothy was already turning back to her earliest and deepest passion, that for God. The undergraduate poems of *Op I* and *Catholic Tales and Christian Songs* pointed the way that she would later take: the latter contains a playlet, "The Mocking of Christ", which foreshadows *The Man Born to be King*. As a Christian apologist Dorothy was readable but lightweight, an Anglican intellectual trotting at the heels of Charles Williams and C. S. Lewis (both of whom she knew and admired), her prose enlivened with occasional flashes in the manner of her two earlier heroes, Belloc and Chesterton. *The Man Born to be King*, with its colloquialisms and simple but effective central theme—political versus spiritual values, kingdom against Kingdom—looked more revolutionary in 1941 than it does today after *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*: even so, thirty editions suggest that it still has something to offer a new generation of young people. But it was Dante who (as Ms Hitchman rightly perceives) furnished Dorothy with her last great love-affair, in which *Amor Dei* was interpenetrated by the contemplation of a perfect symbolic world of the creative imagination. She claims that Dorothy only discovered Dante during a Second World War air-raid, which seems unlikely; as early as *Whose Body?* Wimsey was collecting Dante folios, and he, like his creator, was the kind of bibliophile who rends what he buys.

Dorothy was characteristically down-to-earth about this final project of hers, hoping to present Dante, she said, as "a superb story-teller with a lively sense of humour instead of . . . a superhuman sourpuss steeped to the eyebrows in grimth". This indeed her brilliant and erudite Penguin volumes did. What really fascinated her was the medieval dream of order and degree, as intricate and regular as an astrolabe, where every individual knew his proper place, where virtue was rewarded, vice castigated, the good beautiful, the bad ugly. Such a strange dream indeed, not least to modern egalitarians. For all her jingoism she was still one of the few public figures to stand up and defend P. G. Wodehouse in 1941. Her mildly offensive anti-semitism did not prevent her having a flamboyantly Jewish publisher all her life. If that life was, in several respects, a tragedy, her professional career verged on the epic. By the time she died—in 1957, of a coronary thrombosis—G. K. Chesterton's robes as president of the Detective Club fitted her, and, with exquisite appropriateness, she had just published her views on Christian eschatology in *The Sunday Times*. She had experienced love both sacred and profane: but it was the latter, inevitably, that her admirers best remembered. By way of introduction, Ms Hitchman describes a dull, indifferent South African couple being taken round Oxford, and only waking up when shown the spot where Peter and Harriet became engaged. For them nothing and no one else in Oxford had any reality. That, surely, is the last triumph of the creative spirit, Dorothy's final answer to the Bad Fairy whose legacy had dogged her for so long.

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Fernand Braudel is the author of *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World at the Time of Philip II*.

W. H. Bruford is the author of *The German Tradition of Self-Cultivation*, which is to be published next month.

Peter Burke's most recent book is *Venice and Amsterdam*.

Alasdair Clayre is the author of *Work and Play*.

Richard Combs is the editor of the *Monthly Film Bulletin*.

Jonathan Culler is the author of *Structuralist Poetics*, which is to be published next month.

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Terry Eagleton is the author of *Shakespeare and Society* and *Exiles and Emigrés*.

Roger Fiske's most recent book is *English Theatre Music in the Eighteenth Century*.

Philip French is the author of *The Movie Mogule* and *Westerns: Aspects of a Movie Genre*.

Peter Geach is Professor of Logic in the Department of Philosophy at the University of Leeds.

Peter Green is Professor of Classics at the University of Texas at Austin.

John Hale is Professor of Italian at University College, London.

Stuart Hood is Professor of Film at the Royal College of Art, London.

Rex Last is a Lecturer in German at the University of Hull.

Erich Leinsdorf will be conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Festival Hall in March and April.

Richard Mayne is the author of *The Recovery of Europe* and *The Europeans*.

Idris Parry is Professor of Modern German Literature at the University of Manchester.

Eric Rhode's writings on the cinema include *Tower of Babel* and a recently completed history.

Lorna Sage is a Lecturer in the Department of English and American Studies at the University of East Anglia.

N. S. Sutherland is Professor of Experimental Psychology at the University of Sussex.

Niko Tinbergen FRS is the author of *The Animal in its World*.

To the Editor

'Diplomatic

Sir,—We are [illegible] news, reported in [illegible] 7) that the archives [illegible] Foreign Office may [illegible] Paris to some [illegible] clearly important [illegible] archival collections [illegible] be kept together [illegible] distressing it is [illegible] centralization, the [illegible] Quai d'Orsay [illegible] more inaccessible [illegible] British scholars [illegible] danger to communicate [illegible] to the Directe[illegible] Ministère des Affa[illegible] le Quai d'Orsay, [illegible]

RITA [illegible]
Worcester College, [illegible]
DOUGLAS [illegible]
University College, [illegible]
Street, London WC1.

Charles Ki[illegible]

Sir,—May I comme[illegible] letters you have pu[illegible] article on Charles Ki[illegible] grateful to John Gre[illegible] out the eagle-hunt[illegible] Kingsley's drawing [illegible] It was unobserved [illegible] overlooked it. B[illegible] queries my use [illegible] "muddle" (February [illegible] episode when King[illegible] from preaching [illegible] attacking property [illegible] The Bishop withdre[illegible] soon as he had read [illegible] the sermon and [illegible] inflammatory than [illegible] led to suppose. Tha[illegible] fairly described [illegible] though I might prefe[illegible] cated that it was hi[illegible] fault.

John Clubbe is corr[illegible] about the respectiv[illegible] *Westward Ho!* and [illegible] *History* (February [illegible] connexion between [illegible] cal work—particular[illegible] "England's Forgotten [illegible] and Kingsley's [illegible] better documented [illegible] ty's, "[illegible] Kingsley his brilliant [illegible] *ward Ho!*" — quote[illegible] Dunn's *James Anthony* [illegible] page 172).

The second paragra[illegible] letter I frankly do not [illegible] life finds my reference [illegible] unworthy of "a [illegible] on nineteenth-century [illegible] crosscurrents". He [illegible] disagree with them, be[illegible] mistaken belief that [illegible] is in any way [illegible] his assertion of Carly[illegible] on Kingsley or with [illegible] to spoil Mr Clubbe's [illegible] "recognition of Carly[illegible] shaper of the Victo[illegible] It would never occur [illegible] either, nor did I, [illegible] mystery to me why [illegible] "personal opinion [illegible] could or should [illegible] recognition. Incidentally [illegible] really aware of disc[illegible] cross-current things [illegible] explain my unworthiness [illegible] latter according to [illegible] consists of, however, [illegible]

J. W. [illegible]
7 Ranelagh Villas, [illegible]

'The Pentec[illegible] Revolutio[illegible]

Sir,—Hugh Schonfield [illegible] 14) predictably disag[illegible] criticism of his perso[illegible] of Gospel events [illegible] founded on an alleg[illegible] tween Jewish Sabbatical [illegible] the fourteen-year [illegible] or census cycle in Rom[illegible] (January 17). He fails [illegible] to refute my [illegible] whereas such a cir[illegible] well-attested in Roman [illegible] ancient sources know [illegible] practice in Palestine [illegible] should add that even [illegible] start of the fourteen-[illegible] certain only from A[illegible] not permissible simply [illegible] as Dr Schonfield [illegible] existed before then [illegible] AD 6/7.

I must repeat, [illegible] Jewish Sabbatical cycle [illegible] Dr Schonfield as the [illegible] his chronological [illegible] not tally with the [illegible] the subject, a study [illegible] employed all the avail[illegible] cluding the various [illegible] the Judean Deserts [illegible] College Annual, 19[illegible] 1961). But quite apart [illegible] which I find [illegible]

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[illegible]emains so full of uncertain[illegible] because of contradictions in [illegible]rces that no sensible his[illegible] will choose it as a platform [illegible]ich to construct a secure [illegible]logical argument.

[illegible]ly, in regard to Dr Schon[illegible] belief that the dating of [illegible] birth to AD 6 is not contra[illegible] by Luke's reference to "the [illegible] Herod the king" (who died [illegible]ach, because according to [illegible] 14, "Herod Antipas [illegible] commonly known as King [illegible]: here Dr Vermes does in[illegible] say "Ha!" When reproduced [illegible] the text of Luke i, 5 reads: [illegible] days of Herod *king of* [illegible] This was a convenient [illegible]ion from Dr Schonfield's [illegible] of view. For the complete [illegible]akes it quite obvious that [illegible]from in question was not the [illegible] of Galilee Herod Antipas, [illegible] father Herod the Great.

GEZA VERMES.
Oriental Institute, Pusey [illegible]
Oxford OX1 2LE.

[illegible]. E. Housman

Who is this unhappy and [illegible]ed man who, in *TLS* Con[illegible] of February 14, wrote [illegible] Housman's *The Shropshire* [illegible]

JAMES CURRIE.
[illegible]er House, Tostock, Bury St [illegible]ds, Suffolk IP30 9NZ.

[illegible]hopenhauer and Music

[illegible] have just seen the corre[illegible]ce provoked by my article [illegible]enhauer and Music" (Janu[illegible]

[illegible]laim that Schopenhauer was [illegible] major philosopher to take [illegible]eriously was not made [illegible] Jeremy Walker (January [illegible]ses me to look at Hegel's [illegible]ed. Why? There is nothing [illegible] book which says anything [illegible]al about music. Moreover, [illegible]ot published until 1832, a [illegible]r Hegel's death, and was [illegible] scattered lecture-notes for [illegible]d later. The year 1818, of [illegible]s significant. That was the [illegible]r in which Schopenhauer [illegible]d the first volume of *The [illegible] Will and Image*. Clearly, [illegible]ty-year-old Schopenhauer's [illegible] music was formed early. [illegible]ctor Hegel. As for Rousseau [illegible]sche, neither of them can [illegible]hopenhauer's insights into [illegible]chological origins of music. [illegible]rast, they merely gossip [illegible] art.

[illegible]alker finds Schopenhauer's [illegible]on of music as "non-[illegible]al" obscure. I will clarify [illegible]m. It does not mean that [illegible]annot be conceived; that [illegible] absurd. It means that the [illegible] *of music itself cannot* [illegible] cannot incorporate the [illegible]phenomena. This, as Scho[illegible] observed, sets it apart from all the other arts, which must rely upon the outside world for their images. To put it another way: all art, save music, reminds you of other things.

That is why Mr Walker's question: "Why should we not *think* equally that poetry and its laws are . . . non-conceptual?" is redundant. I invite him to refer me to a single poem, so that I can tell him what are its links with the outside world. In return, I will refer him to Beethoven's F minor Quartet, opus 95, so that he can reciprocate. I know who has the easier task. But the problem is not of my making.

I do not believe, and never said, that Opera and Lied are "bastard" art-forms. According to Schopenhauer, that would be impossible. Since there is no union between words and music, there can be no offspring either, however illegitimate. The Lied is two art-forms, unfolding simultaneously. Opera is at least three. All the difficulties that stem from the creation, performance, and appreciation of these forms are due to their divided nature.

Does music's "absolute" character, then, render it supreme among the arts? Schopenhauer clearly thought so. (Hegel, incidentally, gave the final place to poetry, for reasons which are typically obscure.) I think I know why Schopenhauer thought so, although I cannot prove it. The power of individual pieces of music to move people by their tens of millions (whether musically "educated" or not) called for an explanation. The other arts, after all, could produce no parallel to this wonderful phenomenon. Schopenhauer simply brought two things together: music's deep emotional impact on the one hand, and its "absolute" character on the other. Was he wrong to draw a causal connexion?

Since Schopenhauer himself has been notably absent from the correspondence, allow me to quote two key passages from *The World as Will and Image*. They will serve to illustrate the above point. They will also give a clearer idea of Schopenhauer's basic position than the summary provided by J. P. Stern (February 7), who, moreover, succeeds in getting the date of Volume 2 wrong.

Far from being a mere aid to poetry, music is certainly an independent art; in fact, it is the most powerful of all the arts, and therefore attains its ends entirely from its own resources.

(Vol 2, chapter 39)

That is clear enough, although to some people it will be obscurity itself.

It is just this universality that belongs uniquely to music, together with the most precise distinctness that gives it that high value as the panacea of all our sorrows.

. . . The inexpressible depth of all music, by virtue of which it floats past us as a paradise quite familiar and yet eternally remote, and is so easy to understand and yet so inexplicable, is due to the fact that it reproduces all the emotions of our innermost being, but entirely without reality and remote from its pain."

(Vol 1, chapter 52)

Such passages (and they are frequent) indicate Schopenhauer's lifelong love-affair with music, which occupies a central position in his *Weltanschauung*. That is why I call him the musician's philosopher.

Schopenhauer is unfairly criticized for lacking a historical sense, and (by Emanuel Winternitz, February 7) for not knowing anything of J. S. Bach. It was difficult in 1818 to know much Bach, who was then enjoying his century of slumber. As for Schopenhauer's deficient sense of history, this was surely cultivated deliberately by him. He thought that the study of history was a waste of time, in so far as it had nothing to offer us humans. The truth, he argued, was rather to be found now in human nature itself. Schopenhauer's observations about his fellowmen amply justify the popular description of him as "the philosopher of pessimism". You can draw a straight line from Schopenhauer to Freud.

I am grateful to Jamie Kassler (January 24) for drawing my attention to Adam Smith's essay of 1795. The passage he quotes clearly foreshadows Schopenhauer's "closed world" view of music, and I am glad to know about it. I should also acknowledge the various points raised by John Gage (January 24). His welcome assertion that Schopenhauer is discussed in his own university music department at Norwich places him in an important minority.

Finally, if a philosopher is to be judged by the influence he has had then Schopenhauer remains of great significance to *musicians*. During the second half of the nineteenth century they read him avidly. Neither Liszt nor Wagner ever broke away from his spell, and the romantic concept of "genius" can be traced directly to his writings. The clarity of Schopenhauer's style, of course, ensures that he is one of the few philosophers who is still read for pleasure.

Perhaps that is one reason why professional philosophers do not always hold him in very high esteem.

ALAN WALKER.
Department of Music, McMaster University, 1280 Main Street West, Hamilton, Ontario L8S 4M2, Canada.

'Father and Son'

Sir,—Your review (January 24) of a new edition of Sir Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son* refers to Gosse's notoriously careless scholarship. Among the papers of the late Leonard Whibley which are now in the library of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and which I was recently able to examine by kind permission of the librarian, is an interleaved and annotated copy of Gosse's life of Gray, published in the "English Men of Letters" series. Whibley was, of course, a distinguished Gray scholar, and had doubtless forgotten more about Gray than Gosse had ever known. His annotations demonstrate, in quietly devastating fashion, the extensive and peculiar nature of Gosse's factual errors, and few pages are without one or more corrections. To cite a single instance: the bland assertion that "Gray took no exercise whatever" is contradicted by an array of evidence from the poet's letters (e.g. "At present I am better, and take long walks again"), as well as a reference to his 1769 expedition to the Lakes. The whole document is an entertaining and instructive example, from the pre-PhD era, of the difference between plausible but slapdash popular biography dignified by inclusion in a notable series, and the scrupulous scholarship of one who combined enthusiasm for his subject with a rigorous concern for historical accuracy.

NORMAN PAGE.
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'In Defence of God'

Sir,—By some confusion my letter (February 21) about Anthony Kenny's review of books on the philosophy of religion (February 7) has been printed in a form which reverses the sense of the most important point I had to make. In line 17 of the penultimate paragraph the words "ridiculing denial" should have read, "giving a ridiculing denial". That is to say, my point was that in the relevant passage Wittgenstein was concerned to deny that language-games rest on presuppositions.

DAVID A. GRIFFITHS.
Padworth House, near Reading, Berkshire RG7 4NP.

'Samuel Johnson'

Sir,—Is Donald Greene (February 14) trying to lead us all up the garden path? Though I do not write the same kind of biography as Kingsmill, I have never concealed my indebtedness to him. Professor Greene wonders at this to the verge of disbelief, then points (with generous ellipses) to two parallel passages in our books with the air of having discovered something.

Professor Greene quotes R. W. Chapman's criticism of Kingsmill; he does not quote Kingsmill's of Chapman. By choosing our quotations and editing them, we can all play this game of scholarly red herrings: but to what purpose?

In suggesting that Kingsmill thought Johnson's writings unimportant, however, Professor Greene relies too heavily on ignorance. During his last illness, Kingsmill would read nothing but Johnson's writings, especially *Lives of the Poets* which, according to his friend Malcolm Muggeridge, "he knew almost by heart".

Professor Greene makes his demonstrably incorrect deduction from the fact that Kingsmill wrote a biography, not a literary biography; and that he therefore used Johnson's writings chiefly for their autobiographical value. It was a model of how such things can be done—not an example of how everything should be done. Literature thrives on variety. To insist that there must be only one class of biography and only one armoury of opinions (received from universities), the rest being termed "obsolete", is extremely damaging. It was precisely against this fashionable academic dictatorship that Kingsmill reacted.

On being asked to contribute a not-too-obvious choice to the *TLS* biography symposium, I selected Kingsmill's *Samuel Johnson* because, though I have read a number of other and later books about Johnson (including Professor Greene's excellent book), it continues to give me nourishment and delight. This is not because of, or in spite of, its secondary sources. It is because of something that Professor Greene, blinded perhaps by scholarship, may not have seen: the quality of writing that animates the material and, for this reader, makes Johnson come most sympathetically alive.

MICHAEL HOLROYD.
39 Studdridge Street, London SW6.

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h/h

Divorce Swedish-style

By Lorna Sage

INGMAR BERGMAN :
Scenes from a Marriage
199pp. Calder and Boyars. £4.50 (paperback, £1.95).

The opening episodes of Ingmar Bergman's *Six Scenes from a Marriage* on BBC2 traded unmercifully on the breakdowns and breakups everyone knew were coming. A convincing example of anticipatory irony, this: whether from publicity, or the shortened film version, or more probably just from life, one was so aware of the impending crash that it imparted an almost audible resonance to the flat lines Erland Josephson (Johan) and Liv Ullman (Marianne) aimed vaguely at each other. An eery unreality (horribly enhanced by the dubbing) pervaded their solid, competent, undramatic existence—as though everything they said was meant for an invisible audience, a point somewhere beyond, or to the side of each other.

This awkward ventriloquism is the reverse of the usual convention for realism on television: usually, it means playing "fact" off against "fiction", and ignoring the degree to which most people live off myths. Here, the assumption is that reality is a shy and difficult quarry, only rarely to be glimpsed, and never securely captured. So that, although critics were right to observe (and applaud) Bergman's conversion from ingrown guilt to ordinary experience, the particular disconcerting effect of *Six Scenes* owes a lot to weary artifice. That, combined with the overlaps with life—Bergman's past relationship with Liv Ullman, their continuing and ambiguous history, her makeup-less public persona—creates the sense of honesty. Or better, the sense of being level with life, where honesty is a problem.

Beginning with Johan and Marianne being interviewed for a silly magazine about their perfect marriage was typically clumsy and inspired. Their very modesty (such quiet, private, knowing peoples) conveyed a secret smugness, and the way they talked later when alone together sounded similarly fake. Experience seemed to have rolled off them, they looked like two overgrown, slightly podgy children. The viciously expert marital brawl staged by their friends Katerina and Peter ("How this monster of perfection has ever allowed me to get between her legs is a mystery") sent them scurrying for comfort to the reassuring rituals of snacks and bedtime. And the main point of the crisis with which the first episode ended—whether to have another child, or an abortion—was that it was not about guilt, or freedom, but simply their inability to respond at all. They lacked the substance, somehow, to experience it as real.

Perhaps Bergman imagined their story being watched by married people who watch television together so as not to speak to each other. At any rate, the film deliberately sidesteps the colour and intrigue of infidelity, takes the big lies for granted, and forces one's attention on to the continual faint blurring of emotional focus that habit engenders. Elaborate timetabling takes care of impulse, and mutual contempt masquerades as understanding. Johan and Marianne impoverish each other, they cannot afford to be precise or passionate, and are forgetting how to be. Their professional expertise (he works at the Psychotechnical Institute, she is a divorce lawyer) deafens them still further to their own insensitive tones. One of the rare moments of eloquence early on comes from a client of Marianne's, whom she avoids thinking about—a middle-aged woman who wants a divorce, and refuses to count her blessings:

> Something most peculiar is happening; my senses—I mean feeling, sight, hearing—are beginning to fail me. For instance, I can say that this table is a table, I can see it, I can touch it. But the sensation is thin and dry, if you can understand. . . . Music, scents, people's faces and voices. Everything's getting meaner and grayer, with no dignity.

Bursts of expressiveness like this are untypical, though. The script (slightly different in the dubbed version and the Calder and Boyars translation, but equally stilted) concentrates grimly on the emotional moves couples make, and the routine rhythms of their speech. When Johan and Marianne fall apart, words do take on a new pleasure for them but only as blunt instruments.

Inevitably, the communication problem gets handed over in part to the viewer. To follow *Six Scenes* through as a series, you have to feel implicated and guilty, and that the pain is doing you good. (By report, masochistic Swedes made it a national event on the scale of *The Forsyte Saga*.) So strong is Bergman's assumption that ordinary life is a ritualized blur, even the violent climax works only a partial release. Though his couple are allowed to salvage a relationship out of their marriage, they can't get rid of falsity. By the end, they may no longer be dulling and distorting each other, but they have taken on new marriages as impoverished as theirs was. What's happened (*all* that's happened) is that the chaos and lying now take place elsewhere, leaving a small, continuing residue of tenderness, occasional passion, occasional humour. . . . The script, Bergman as perhaps seems to progress from an unmitigated mess to a mess that is still progress, from more like a way of living, all-too imaginatively.

While one may [illegible] and go on watching for doing so are [illegible]. The harrowing [illegible] films of the 1960s [illegible] ginning to appear [illegible] vision, for instance [illegible] bathetic images of [illegible] tion. The cool, [illegible] vacuous prestigious [illegible] (Susannah York or [illegible] and the endless [illegible] people and new [illegible] memory and assumption [illegible] now as naively [illegible] commercials. If you [illegible] slightly shamed by [illegible] memories, then Berg[illegible] you. Liv Ullman, [illegible] her, represents a [illegible] vidual freedom that [illegible] more plausible. But [illegible] has necessarily been [illegible] recent interview, [illegible] sounded a little [illegible] about the strenuous [illegible] pendence required of [illegible] Bergman thinks wo[illegible] stronger than one exp[illegible] a greater capacity to [illegible] should go on watching.

At the receiving end

By Stuart Hood

ROBERT SILVEY :
Who's Listening?
219pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.50.

Research into the audiences of radio and television programmes has manifold applications. It can be used to persuade businessmen to invest money in commercials. It can be, and has been, used as a political weapon to justify an increase in the BBC's licence fee. It can be used to boost staff morale in a competitive struggle with a rival organization. It is frequently used by departmental heads within the organizations to rationalize claims for more staff, larger programme budgets, bigger empires. It can be used pragmatically by programme planners who, without attributing absolute accuracy to the figures, set them alongside their own expectations of the size and profile of the audience for a given programme; if a minority programme draws an unexpectedly large audience, it is worth looking into the possible reasons. Audience research, as Robert Silvey points out in *Who's Listening*, is rarely used for seeking the truth for its own sake. In his case, since he was the founder of the BBC's audience research operation, the instruments of audience research and analysis were used to seek truth, as he puts it, for the BBC's sake.

This frank acknowledgment of the client-consultant relationship is typical of the clarity and honesty which distinguish both his account of his thirty years and more with the Corporation, and the work he carried out there. The fact that this relationship exists is also—although it seems he would not accept the argument—one of the strong reasons for detaching audience research from the broadcasting organizations and setting up an independent organization in the shape of a broadcasting commission, with loyalties to neither camp but to the public.

Mr Silvey goes back in this book to the days of monopoly when the BBC was run by officials who were astonished to learn that the whole population did not sit down to dinner at eight. Their declared aim was that widening of cultural interests, that increase in the proportion of the population who derive pleasure from the best music, the best drama, the best poetry and the best ideas, which can be summed up as the goal of the Reithean doctrine. Unfortunately, as Mr Silvey records, three decades of research were unable to produce any evidence to substantiate the hopes enshrined in the doctrine. Basic tastes, he points out, are grounded in the cultural environment of the society in which people live (being what the newsmen might call "a self-confessed Fabian Socialist", he does not go on to suggest that perhaps it is only by altering society that the cultural environment can be changed). What audience research did reveal, on the other hand, was that the theory—also current thirty years ago—that the listening public was pyramidal, broadening down from a small group of highbrows to the great mass at the base, was false. The spread of listening from programme to programme was much wider than had been suspected.

It is interesting to note, in connexion with such reflections on the tastes and social composition of audiences, that listening to Lord Haw-Haw increased with each step up the social scale. The most assiduous listeners to Radio Hamburg were the readers of *The Times* and the quality press; the lightest, the readers of the tabloids. Moreover, the broadcasts from Germany found an echo: the BBC sent out questionnaires on the Haw-Haw broadcasts, and the replies of regular listeners to Hamburg came nearer than those of non-listeners to the pattern the German propaganda ministry would obviously have wanted. Mr Silvey concludes, with typical charity, that the decline of the audience for enemy propaganda broadcasts was due to the fact that "the British people had decided it was time to put away childish things".

The methods he and his colleagues employed were the normal ones of sampling the audience and he gives a valuable account of how this was done. Many of his BBC colleagues found those methods hard to understand, just as they found the results hard to accept. Theirs was a prejudice still shared by many members of the public, particularly since the failure of opinion polls to do what they are by their nature badly equipped to do—that is, forecast the results of general elections. The glee with which the discomfiture of the pollsters has been greeted, Mr Silvey rightly points out, is a measure of the prevailing emotional resistance to the application of sampling to people: a resistance which may have a direct link with the primitive fear that to "number the people" is to tempt the deity. One of Mr Silvey's great virtues, as I can testify from having worked with him, was that, by patient reasoning and impeccable mastery of his facts, he was capable of convincing even the most incredulous (because the most fearful of the results)—the creative programme-makers—that audience research need not be used to justify an argument from quantity against quality.

He himself consistently refused to accept the quantitative fallacy enshrined in the concept of a hierarchy of programmes based on audience size, whether it takes the form of a Top Ten or a Top Twenty. The assertion that bigger invariably means better he condemns as "a vulgar error because it is either tautological or without meaning", for, as he explains, if the criterion of programme quality is simply the size of the audience then the assertion is tautological, while if there is some other, unspecified criterion the statement is meaningless.

What this admirably lucid and reasonable account of audience research does not deal with is the criticism that audience research, precisely because it is seeking results on behalf of an organization or, within the organization, for a department, or even an individual programme head, can be exploited as a justification for giving the public more of what it apparently approves of. This criticism is linked with a reluctance to face up to what Mr Silvey admits to be "a good question but an extremely difficult one to investigate": that is to say, what programmes might the audience like to see or hear if the opportunity were offered. Lastly, perhaps because of his close involvement with the BBC over so many years, he does not deal with the objection, which has been raised publicly by researchers in the field, that the BBC, in its inquiries, has neglected the crucial area concerned with the social and cultural determinants of viewing or listening and the question of how the audiences uses the multitude of communications that are directed at it every day.

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Six-week wonders

Wandering Shelley-like among the busts and columns and displaced portals of the Sculpture Court, imagining the historic costumes fleshed out once more and the Great Bed of Ware creaking away as the centrepiece of some Restoration comedy, it is easy to romanticize the V and A. It is an institution dedicated to the hopeless, if beguiling, fantasy of standing time still, of preserving ephemera, hoarding bygones and accumulating period pieces, both for art's sake and to help satisfy our curiosity about the ever-increasing past.

"Back to the Drawing Board", the exhibition of television design housed until March 23 in the museum's temporary exhibition space, echoes, oddly, the permanent collections in the rest of the building. It includes genuine antiques hired, or chosen from the Thames Television props department, to furnish Lady Randolph Churchill's drawing-room. Not the original drawing-room, of course, nor the one used in the recent *Jennie* production, but a replica of that reconstruction set up specially for the exhibition. For various artistic and technical reasons, the authenticity stops some way short of truth and actuality: the carpet is painted on the floor, the walls are mere fronts, the marble wooden. The intention is make believe as cheaply and quickly as possible.

Since the average lifespan of a set design is little more than six weeks from drawing-board to demolition, it follows that many of the effects produced are only detailed enough to pass muster, to convince the viewer that the performers are appropriately placed. Reality being confusing and indecisive, the designer has to pursue truth to appearances far beyond the museum convention of period rooms. Even the most casual-seeming everyday disarray has to be plotted in advance, the commonplaces listed on the small props inventories. For television design covers everything that appears on the screen, from the reception-desk installation of *News at Ten* to the rough-cast limbo-land of *Churchill's People*, from the trundling titles of *Nationwide* to the minimal setting within which a few of us were lucky enough last week to see the ineffable Rod McKuen reading his poem "Snowflakes in the Wine" at BBC2's *Closedown* time.

The exhibition at the V and A has been set up by Thames Television and is thus concerned only with its own productions. Besides *Jennie* (costumes as well as the drawing-room), there are mock-up Turners from *The Sun is God*, the recent sunset-struck celebration of the artist in the person of Leslie McKerrow, and a complete, if telescoped, seventeenth-century London street from a forthcoming series, *The Way of the World*. They all exhibit some degree of artistic licence—cobwebs, it appears, were life in the days of Good King Charles, and straw harvests were so abundant London was knee-deep in the stuff—and the simple (research volumes on show in-depth study, is [illegible] rarely gets beyond pla[illegible] colour-supplement [illegible] tion snapshots. But [illegible] reason why it should [illegible] claims to period [illegible] designer's job is to be [illegible] script provided. He is [illegible] an expressionist [illegible] everything he does [illegible] exaggerate.

The emphasis of the [illegible] rests upon costume dra[illegible] effects (how to fall [illegible] black without turning [illegible] to turn the Thames [illegible] into some sort of [illegible] fjord), and the comple[illegible] designer's role. Three [illegible] course of the exhibition [illegible] dummy designer appe[illegible] is dead white, like a [illegible] ture, seated in a bla[illegible] blank drawing-board. [illegible] seen in precisely the s[illegible] dressed in blue denim [illegible] rounded with the de[illegible] supplies the production. [illegible] ards the exit and the [illegible] (which offers an enchan[illegible] Thames Television publi[illegible] reappears, white and [illegible] at the drawing-board, [illegible] again but enriched [illegible] projections of recent [illegible] splashed over him.

While it is only reas[illegible] the designer should [illegible] allowed the starring ro[illegible] pity that the exhibition [illegible] devote itself to matters [illegible] above all else.

Jennie, Napoleon a[illegible] the Turner extravaganza [illegible] from typical drama [illegible] but (sadly) [illegible] organizers, designers [illegible] have chosen to show of [illegible] dest boasts rather than [illegible] run of their work. [illegible] given over to fake [illegible] "rare opportunity to d[illegible] really special, and very [illegible] as one of the scen[illegible] responsible says—is a [illegible] tration of the way profes[illegible] can be misused. The [illegible] are no good as art, and [illegible] larly successful as an [illegible] Rather than show off [illegible] the Thames design[illegible] craftsmen to contrive [illegible] mediocrity, it would [illegible] more to the point to [illegible] trated on the technique [illegible] possibly more subtle [illegible] lems of contemporary [illegible] drama, comedy, and [illegible] work of other television [illegible] the BBC included, show[illegible] very least have been [illegible] television designers [illegible] point style, his role [illegible] backgrounds, settings, [illegible] look of television. His [illegible] influence lasts, [illegible] hardly demonstrated [illegible] the V and A offers [illegible] around where time and [illegible] fashions and personal[illegible] ship and display [illegible] It is unfortunate that [illegible] exhibition of its kind [illegible] out to be so with [illegible]

[illegible]e tick-tock of transience

[illegible]c Rhode

[illegible] RICHIE :
[illegible] University of California [illegible]EG). £7.25.

[illegible] of Yasujiro Ozu is little [illegible] this country, although he [illegible] the most outstanding of [illegible] film directors and among [illegible] masters of the cinema. [illegible] Richie's study of Ozu's [illegible] his first film was made in [illegible] he was twenty-four, his [illegible] 1962, the year before his [illegible] can be recommended as an [illegible] tion worthy of its subject.

[illegible] maker and critic who has [illegible] d in Japan, Mr Richie is [illegible] the arguments sometimes [illegible] ainst Ozu: that his choice [illegible] was limited—Indeed, he [illegible] one theme, the inevitable [illegible] of families—that his [illegible] narratives and set-ups [illegible] anged and that his editing [illegible] signs of tempo. (His [illegible] Richie suggests, was [illegible] like the regular tick-[illegible] clock".) Moreover, Ozu's [illegible] to experience was of a kind [illegible] in Japanese commentators, [illegible] to maintain the myth of [illegible] inscrutability, have claimed [illegible] Japanese for Western [illegible]

[illegible]chie shows in *Ozu* that all [illegible] uments are beside the [illegible] Ozu achieved subtle effects [illegible] hods of construction that [illegible] from what is now consid[illegible] primitive stage of cinema [illegible] he did so because he sub[illegible] to the long-held Japanese [illegible] the more ordinary the [illegible] the stronger the effect [illegible] flower looks most beau[illegible] displayed in a crude [illegible]r. But for all his aesthe[illegible] Ozu practised restraint for [illegible] universal end: to invoke the [illegible] of his characters.

In order to demonstrate that this was his aim, Mr Richie takes the reader through the various stages of an Ozu production, setting more store on the first stage. In Japan, apparently, some of Ozu's screen-plays, more than half of which (twenty-seven out of fifty-three films) were written with Kogô Noda, are regarded as works of literature in their own right. Ozu and Noda would get together and talk for about a month before they started writing. They would talk into the night—and they would drink. Noda has claimed:

> By the time we'd finished a script, we'd sometimes have over a hundred big empty sake bottles. . . . Ozu used to number all the bottles. Then he'd count them and say, "Here we are up to number eighty and we haven't finished the script yet".

Both he and Noda avoided any kind of plot. They would begin with the barest of frameworks, little more than some anecdote about family life, and then, as the characters became clear to them, they would fill down lines of dialogue and incidents on large sheets of manila paper. Only during the concluding period of script-writing would they place these sheets in sequence. With this technique they were able to give full scope to the humour, unpredictability and, even more, the contemplative aspect of their characters' lives. It is of the essence of Ozu's style that he communicates a feeling for the passing moment, a transience which can contain within it an awareness of nothingness and death and (just as typical of this director) a simple sense of contentment.

Another advantage of this technique was that Ozu did not have to resort to explication. True, its undemonstrative nature makes demands on the spectator—who must work to involve himself in the events on the screen. But, as Mr Richie shows in his account of Ozu's shooting methods and the means by which he avoided conventional film grammar, this attention usually supplies its own reward. Many of Ozu's seemingly eccentric rigidities of style can be accounted for in terms of his humanism. His camera, almost invariably angled from a position three feet from the ground (the view of someone sitting on *tatami* matting in a Japanese room), not only makes a good composition out of the room—a task that Ozu recognized as difficult—but also heightens by contrast the vulnerable softness of the human form in relation to its geometric background.

His insistence on having actors face the camera, as though welcoming an unexpected guest, and his methods of rehearsal (which provoked at least one victim into thinking "If only Ozu would die or something by tomorrow"), were necessary to express the kinds of feeling, all the more powerful for their outward formality, which underlie family life in Japan. Mr Richie describes an exchange in *Tokyo Story* that captures the Ozu tone perfectly. Kyoko, the younger sister, says to Noriko, the daughter-in-law: "Isn't life disappointing?" Noriko smiles, a beautiful, gracious and accepting smile, and replies: "Yes, it is."

A scene from The Quiet One, *Sidney Meyers' 1949 study of childhood in Harlem, discussed in* Nonfiction Film *by Richard Meran Barsam. (432pp with 47 illustrations. Allen and Unwin. £3.75. Paperback, £1.95).*

[illegible] **as Filmmaker**
[illegible] **r Dovzhenko**
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Hollywood and its hypodermic

By Simon Hartog

ANDREW TUDOR:
Image and Influence
Studies in the Sociology of Film
260pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.75.

The sociology of film has always been an unstable pursuit. The narrow experimental approach has been limited by the requirements of methodology—crude models, manageable samples, simple questions, quantifiable answers—and by imaginative poverty. The sociological character of the other extreme, the broad overview, is at very least debatable. But in the hands of a perceptive and informed observer with a coherent perspective (such as can be seen in Siegfried Kracauer's *From Caligari to Hitler*) it has revitalized film history and the practice of film criticism, and introduced new evidence into the discussion of the relationship between society and its cultural artifacts. The tension between microcosm and macrocosm is far from new in sociology, but in the case of film sociology, it has remained undiminished. If there is some common ground, it is at the intersection of general cultural and communications studies.

In *Image and Influence* Andrew Tudor makes an attempt to negotiate the vast expanse between these two positions. Justifiably sceptical about the narrow and generally inconclusive results produced by the experimental approach, he sets out in search of a "macro-perspective" which permits disciplined subjectivity. His itinerary looks promising—patterns of culture and communications; movie communicators, audiences, and languages; cinema and society—but he turns out to be an unskilled navigator and a short-sighted observer. Given his hasty and predictable treatment of the classic cinema/society set-piece, Germany in the 1920s and the expressionist film movement, it is as well Macroland is never even sighted.

The author's sociological background, of which he makes much show, on occasion falls him. For example, the attack on the "hypodermic model" (according to which information is "injected" into the audience by the communicator) constructed by American media analysts in the 1950s is sound, if strident and unoriginal, but it is one thing to criticize the crude insufficiency of the model and quite another to assert, as Mr Tudor does, that the model is unsatisfactory because no qualitative difference exists between inter-personal and mass communication.

The chapter devoted to "movie communicators"—who to Mr Tudor seem to be synonymous with Hollywood—illustrates the book's general deficiencies. Focusing on the characteristics of "the collectivity of movie-makers", rather than on individuals, it treats the Hollywood film community to the most superficial analysis. The data, such as they are, come from journalistic studies published in the 1940s, so the information is not only out of date but also second-hand: Mr Tudor makes no attempt to examine the economic aspects of the dream machine and his sociological analysis seems very like a parody of sociological analysis. Marx, Parsons, Weber and Etzioni appear in cameo roles to "legitimize" his argument, their star appeal—in true Hollywood fashion—exploited to no useful purpose. I would refer any readers unconvinced of the pompous banality of Mr Tudor's views to the concluding paragraphs of this chapter:

> Hollywood is an unstable authority system, but at least it is a system; . . . The commercial elite . . . [is] there to sell. In such a situation one finds an asymmetry quite the opposite of that suggested in mass society theory. Here the communicators are dedicated to discovering "what the public want" rather than wielding some insidious power. It is this that has led to the view that the cinema has evaded its responsibilities to influence and inform. It has participated in the communications process only for gain, not for the benefits of the communication itself. . . .

This stereotype, like all others, stresses only one element in a complex situation. Movies are produced by many people, related to one another in a variety of ways. They have mixed motives for what they do and they are not always aware of how little they are able to control their actions. Hollywood, in particular, is a good example of a system of social relations constraining its members. . . . It throws together personalities, values, goals, and practices which in most contexts are "safely" insulated from one another. Hollywood has "invented" ways of dealing with these problems. They have not been highly efficient ways but they have worked, and that is fascinating in itself. They may well be constants in the situation of the movie communicator.

Mr Tudor's general conception of the cinema has its roots in the assumptions of the *Movie* generation of British film critics weaned on a Hoggartian distortion of the *politique des auteurs*, who today are the most vociferous proponents of a vital indigenous film culture—a modest enough proposal, which this book serves badly. The belief that Hollywood is the most magnificent creation and creator of authentic popular culture, and that its "hypodermic narrative" is the most subtle and sublime manifestation of that culture, envelops this study and the—admittedly, more sophisticated and systematic—work of the film culturalists who moulded Mr Tudor's opinions. Both he and his mentors have reacted against the subjectivity of Bazin's *politique* without rejecting either its implicit pro-Hollywood perspective or its explicit preferences (for example, Ford, Seigel, and Peckinpah). In order to evade the central dilemma of their position, they have erected two lines of defence against outrageous subjectivity, studies of film genres and of film language; but, whatever the merits of these methods, they are—both—at any rate as used by them—techniques for dealing only with the past.

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Rounding the square

By Erich Leinsdorf

This article is not intended as either a sequel or a rebuttal to Patrick Carnegy's "Squaring the Ring", but his essay about Götz Friedrich's productions of *Rhinegold* and *Walküre* at Covent Garden in the *TLS* of October 11, 1974, has prompted the following comments from one who has been acquainted with opera producers for more than forty years.

I have observed a great variety of *régisseurs*, first as accompanist and rehearsal pianist, then as conductor. In my view, lack of directorial talent usually goes hand in hand with a desire, all too often fulfilled, to publish a wordy explanation of the production. From the directors whom I have most admired I have never seen a word either in books or in interviews. Some of my blackest *bêtes noires* spend as much time brainwashing the audience in advance of the premiere as they devote to their actual task. In well-considered interviews they "leak" their ideas, philosophies and metaphysical opinions to have them taken up and discussed by gullible intellects, with the overall result that many a contemporary new opera production becomes something which it should never be: an arena where the *régisseur* is protagonist, and his concept more of a topic than either the work itself or its performers.

This is partly the result of many companies producing, and few new works. A legion of thinkers, bottlefed in early years on Brechtian milk, pounce upon the standard repertoire and claim that it needs added vitamins; so they inject shots of Contemporary Significance and Social Relevance into the innocent bodies of straight melodramas to make them seem tendentious satire. Because of the manifold opportunities, the talented as well as the witless get their innings, and many a producer makes a brilliant career on the back of defenceless Verdi or Mozart, when he ought to have remained editor of a quarterly devoted to Zen or Marx.

The aim of staging an opera should be to make it comprehensible and attractive to every spectator, be he connoisseur or newcomer.

I have a few favourite examples of crucial scenes being distorted beyond recognition by the producer's vagaries. There was the *Tannhäuser mise-en-scène* which omitted the appearance of the Younger Pilgrims at the end of the opera. The man responsible either did not understand that the miraculous flowering of the Pope's staff, which they bring with them, symbolizes the redemption of the hero, or he simply disliked the Christian overtones, orientated as he was towards social criticism. At any rate the Pilgrims sang their lines from backstage, and nothing happened around the dying Tannhäuser.

On another occasion I sat in on a blocking rehearsal of Act II of *Walküre* and noticed that Wotan sang his lines, "Zerbrich vor dem Speer, in Stücken das Schwert", also from an invisible position. The libretto has him quite explicitly present: "Wotan appears, standing above Hunding, holding his spear squarely against Siegmund" and "Siegmund's sword splinters on the encountered spear". But, since there was neither Wotan nor spear to be seen, Siegmund's falling dead was utter nonsense, making a hash of Wotan's tragedy. The reason for the hidden god was that time not philosophical but a simple error of measurement. The pieces of the set would not fit the stage. Even so, I was able to insist on the necessity of Wotan's presence.

Wieland Wagner's ideas often get to be used as an alibi; for it is often alleged that he did away with any demiurgic presence. While I witnessed both his great discoveries and his great errors, in my experience he never eliminated essentials, nor did he do things diametrically opposed to the music and the singers, as other producers are wont to do. When he eliminated helmets and other paraphernalia he was criticized for changing Wagner's directions. This was not fair. For example, when the libretto directs, "Wotan, dressed for battle, with the spear, Brünnhilde, also in full armament", there is room for considerable leeway as visual taste changes.

One recent Wanderer told me that he disliked singing with his hat on, and preferred to have it hanging down his back. When I asked him how he could reconcile this with Siegfried's: "Was hast Du gar für den grossen Hut?

Unsigned drawing of acrobatic choreography from a French seventeenth-century court ballet (reproduced from the book reviewed

The dancing dynasties

By Roger Fiske

MARIAN HANNAH WINTER:
The Pre-Romantic Ballet
306pp including 215 illustrations. Pitman. £10.

Among the arts you could hardly find a more difficult subject than ballet before *Giselle*. Whereas literature and paintings are more or less stable, and operas and plays ephemeral but repeatable, ballets of the past have vanished for ever. Denied the possibility of writing about what they looked like—which after all was what mattered most about them—those brave enough to tackle the subject have to pick on something else, and Marian Hannah Winter has chosen to write about the choreographers and dancers. She tells us their names, thousands of them, where they worked, when they moved to another theatre, and whom they taught; "dynasty" is a word that keeps cropping up.

The amount of information is vast, and most of it will be new to English readers. Miss Winter has herself pillaged the Bibliothèque de l'Opéra and the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, and friends have helped her with information from libraries in Italy, Germany, Russia and Sweden—where her collaborator was Mary Skeaping, whom many will remember as a dancer in this country. Copious footnotes give references that will greatly ease the task of future researchers. But it is Theatre Historian's Disease to be obsessed by the names of obscure performers, and to feel a sense of discovery when two references to one unimportant name can be placed together; inevitably there is a good deal of that here and *The Pre-Romantic Ballet* is therefore not well suited to continuous reading.

In her foreword Miss Winter hopes it "will interest dancers, choreographers and people who go to the ballet", and certainly the pictures will do so—the "iconography" (to quote another of the author's favourite words). Old prints of theatre people tend to be either so stylized that everyone looks alike or so badly drawn that they do not look like anyone, but in this book the pictures set new standards. They are more numerous and more interesting than in any other book of the kind known to me, and the nine plates in colour are exquisite. The high quality of the illustrations results from their having been selected from libraries all over Europe and not just from those in England. The book is worth the money for the pictures alone.

Besides the dancers and what they looked like, there are two other ingredients of ballet that may survive—the music and synopses of the plots. Miss Winter gives some space to the latter, but shows no interest at all in the music. The index is almost bare of composers' names and there are no musical judgments anywhere. And yet since *Giselle* ballets have been long-lasting only if they had good music; you might think that ballets before *Giselle* that have good music should get special treatment. They do not.

There is virtually nothing on the opera-ballets of Lully and Rameau, though their scores and libretto offer a lot of information about the dancing. The author prefers to write about the music of their and Jean Mouret, which she came across in a Paris library; it is worth mentioning, but not in the early eighteenth-century ballet. She gives a full synopsis of Gluck's *Don Juan*, which Angelini danced and choreographed, and though she does mention the influence of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* she untypically, say some of Gluck's music, as also does some of Gluck's opera.

With the help of a good index one can build up a good picture of Noverre's activities and influence on ballet d'action, but information is scattered throughout ten chapters. It must be a nightmare to organize the material about people who never stopped moving and crossing the tracks, and Miss Winter attempts to organize her material in the order of the people who seem to have been dominant at any time, but chapters have no headings to help you read them you can hardly differentiate their subject-matter.

Inevitably there are mistakes. *The Devil to Pay* is an opera and not a ballad, and it is true that the Dolin version of "Innumerable ballet blancs" is in ballets, or that Beecham was "the music director" of the Diaghilev company, which is confusing to be told that Fokine "collaborated with Rimsky-Korsakov in *Artaxerxes*" for he never did so with other well-known composers of the time, such as Glazunov and Tchaikovsky, or that research revealed, as the author states, that there was a Jean Coralli who wrote an *Jeanne d'Arc* in Angiolini's time.

Had this book been written by a Romantic Ballet-lover it would have my carping without a murmur; as it is, I am aware that I am being ignored, since there is no room for balletomanes who want detailed references to choreographers and dancers of the distant past.

Relaxation by numbers

By Alasdair Clayre

FFRE DUMAZEDIER:
ciology of Leisure
pp. Amsterdam: Elsevier. Fl.26.

we work for the sake of leisure, work for the sake of rk? This is not simply an idle tion for philosophers to dis- —as their own form of rather xed work—but a practical one s. To a certain extent people can ose to distribute their resources some direction or the other, either ding their hours of work or ping them constant and making work more enjoyable, more in- ulating and more satisfying. ese particular choices are of urse not the only ones: people give any surplus to underdeveloped countries; they may work the 40 hours but produce more and consume more; or they can always be inflation, balance of payments es and unemployment, so solve the problem by having no ources to distribute in the first ce.

ore than a century ago Marx ated the question of the rel- n between work and leisure in *Grundrisse*. For Adam Smith, thought, rest had been "the ade- te state of man"; man had n seen as working mainly in der to achieve a later state of quility. For Marx himself, by trast, work was the most satisfy- of all activities, the essential ment of man's being. Not all k could fulfil the rigorous ands he made on it: not the d done in most British factories this day or ours, or in most et ones for that matter. But he oved a new form of work would created in the late nineteenth tury—intellectual and manual at same time, involving science for a countryside to walk in out of hardest labour, enjoyable yet deadly earnest", "like the k of a composer", the most ense effort and yet also freely ertaken by each man for the d of all.

here are still thinkers today to see the main task of our civ- lion as the invention and diffu- of such forms of work till y are available to anybody who ts them. Some writers—such as gues Friedmann in France—ve that this question is more ortant than any of the so-called oblems of leisure".

here are a number of argu- ts for this view. Time freed work may not expand dramaly in the near future, despite e predictions made over the hundred years. When people more leisure they often want money to spend (for which they make more demands on the ces of others, thus creating work for other people. In most trial countries when official hours have been cut they have taken up largely by further overtime, "moonlighting" is notoriously expanding hours managers and professional people. There is some evidence from st decade that a demand for r has begun to arise at the n of choice: in Britain and s average hours of work been declining after about decades of stability; but this e more to longer holidays a shorter working week.

n if more hours of leisure to be added, Friedmann does ree that this would neces- be valuable in itself. He that people may simply pot- bout listlessly or spend their dutifully consuming mass-pro- goods, following the sugges- of advertisers and obeying scriptions of large corpora- to work and leisure alike. worst industrial work may its scars on leisure time: its entary nature may fragment ind men bring to their idle , while its monotony may their vitality, and weaken capacity to enjoy themselves ts in the evenings and at week- We would do better to make work itself interesting, Fried- would argue, and let the lei- take care of itself.

Dumazedier has been one Friedmann's most consistent ents in France. In *Sociology ure* he argues that leisure be looked at for its own sake, not as a mere variable of work, nor merely as an agglomeration of separately studied subjects, like the mass media, sport and travel. He argues for an "active" sociology of leisure, one that will assist in planning, and influence society in the cultural directions he approves of. And he proposes his own definition of leisure, which tends to accord it the highest value of any part of human life.

On the first point, he is surely right: leisure cannot be understood as a mere shadow of work. New values and institutions are generated by changes in leisure, which have their own life, and can then affect not only leisure itself but the demands people make on work. People may want a new job compatible with a certain leisure style; they may demand new amenities at work, like rests, music, and pleasant surroundings, which they have come to value increasingly in leisure. Leisure also is not just time left over by a reduction of work: the decline of religious observance in France has left Sundays free just as effectively as cuts in working hours have freed Saturdays.

Again, M Dumazedier is probably right—repugnant as the thought may be—that people suffer if the government of a crowded industrial society wholly neglects the planning of leisure. The result is that leisure is left to chans and the market, not to the free and rational choice of individuals. People go to the seaside, but find it has become another industrial town equipped for the sale of leisure services and the parking of bodies on sparse and trampled sand. They go to the sun to get away from their office routine and assembly lines, but find that because all their holidays have coincided they have to queue for hour after hour, forming themselves into living assembly lines for the work of customs officials and airport managements. They look for a countryside to walk in out of sight of other people, but find it occupied by the bungalows and tents of others, who had gone there to get away from them. There is a case for planning here, and most industrial societies have recognized it.

Despite M Dumazedier, one should not be too optimistic about its possibilities. These may be insoluble problems. An organized camping site or a rectangular concrete pool do not necessarily provide what people wanted when they thought of going camping or swimming: the disorderly, irregular and unexpected may be as much part of what they are seeking as anything simple and plannable like water or exercise. M Dumazedier may be right, however, that planning is sometimes inhibited even from what it can do by the lack of seriousness with which leisure is considered by governments; for instance by the idea that it is valuable only so far as it provides relaxation for better work.

M Dumazedier makes a number of other interesting observations: for instance, that the industrial world is not so far taking up increased productivity in more leisure but in inter school-leaving ages. We talk of becoming a leisure society and become instead a society of longer education. At the same time he shows sympathy for Ivan Illich's criticism of a single early period of formal education, and in one of the best passages of the book outlines the need for continuing education to be provided for all who want it.

He suggests, too, that, while needs for food, sleep and shelter are capable of being rhythmically satisfied, the demands created by modern leisure are in practice limitless. It was because the demand for money seemed to him limitless that Aristotle regarded the money-maker as incapable of being a free man. Ought M Dumazedier to have noted the logical consequence of his argument and accepted that in his leisure society too, in at least one important sense, freedom is an impossibility?

Whatever the answer to that question, M Dumazedier has made the case for a distinct study of leisure, if we are not to be taken too much by surprise in the next decade. However, so anxious is he to make his point that he excludes much of the light and shadow from the picture. The trouble starts with the definition of leisure. Most people call "leisure" all time that is not spent on paid work or travelling to or from it: others narrow it further by excluding "family obligations" as well; others again (M Dumazedier among them) exclude also what he calls somewhat heavily "socio-spiritual obligations". The time remaining is immediately defined as time whose content is orientated towards self-fulfilment; leisure is said to be connected with the realization, either encouraged or hampered, of man's full potential, conceived as an end in itself.

This threatens to beg questions of value by giving a double definition of leisure: on the one hand as a certain period of time, and on the other as time "oriented towards self-fulfilment as an ultimate end". And if this last phrase has any meaning it seems to beg questions of motivation, as in the old argument that everything—including an altruistic action—must be done for self-interest. Yet much of the value that M Dumazedier attributes in the area of leisure depends on such word-play.

Further, even if M Dumazedier is right that there is an area here worth studying, it is questionable whether it should be approached so readily with what he calls "active sociology": sociology conceived as the tool of "teams" consisting also of politicians, administrators and people rather sinisterly named "cultural experts". In the chapter where this argument is advanced the tone is suddenly hortatory, with something of the strained note of cultural confidence of an Arts Council annual report. The "cultural experts" are imagined to include most of the qualities Plato thought incompatible in guardians and poets respectively. M Dumazedier makes clear his contempt for the mass-production of commercial entertainment, his preference—for instance—for "a certain type of song, having some literary quality".

Some of his ideas here are worth attending to; notably the belief that the "noblest" kinds of drama and philosophy are as important to people as air and countryside, and should be brought within the reach of everyone; that this, and not the following of market trends in the sales charts of mass communication, is the meaning of democracy in art and literature.

In this country, particularly since the death of T. S. Eliot and the temporary exile to Unesco of Richard Hoggart, there have been few critics consistently willing to put this kind of case about the mass media. Sociologists of mass communication have been particularly conscious of the dangers of over-valuing their own aesthetic tastes where these have differed from the norms of mass-culture.

However, M Dumazedier could have strengthened his case by learning something from this Anglo-Saxon scepticism. He is in danger of echoing the French educational system's values, as an alternative—equally simple—to those of Tin Pan Alley. He neglects the need to look at mass-culture in two ways at once: in terms of the aesthetic qualities of different works of art, as well as the ways they are perceived and "used" by different people, who often attach deep meanings to culturally despised forms like soap-opera and the lightest of light music, meanings which cannot be dismissed as "of a low cultural level", any more than they can be accepted with the open palm of a TAM rating.

M Dumazedier wants to make the "cultural level" of the books people read, the films they go to, or the songs they listen to the main measure of the value of leisure. He argues that "cultural level", so defined, is not simply determined by the kind of work people do, and no doubt this is true. But quite apart from the vagueness of the concept of cultural level M Dumazedier uses large categories such as "factory workers" and "managers" to classify people's work, instead of distinguishing between the different levels of skill, variety, interest or monotony within these categories.

By doing so he misses certain questions about the way work-experience may affect the possibilities of leisure—though of course it could not simply determine people's tastes; the idea, for instance, that we abandon the vague question whether "work" as a whole "determines" leisure and instead look for certain dominant patterns of relationship between the two, according to the tasks involved. After all, those who do absorbing work often have interesting leisure, both because they tend to choose them together, and because habits of curiosity, vitality and enjoyment may be carried over from the one to the other.

Meanwhile, there appears to be some evidence for the view that certain jobs involving fragmentation and monotony, and other jobs done in a particularly "neutral" and uninvolved atmosphere (in bureaucracies for instance) may determine similar low levels of vitality and emotional response in leisure life as well. In this sense work can play a part in shaping leisure; and some of these jobs—in offices, service industries or automated production—are spreading. The old Friedmann case for tackling the quality of work itself is not as unsupported as M Dumazedier makes it sound by his very general statistics. Work may be worth improving not only for its own sake, but for the beneficial effect this may have on leisure as well.

M Dumazedier has reversed the old Marxian metaphysic about the necessity for an "essence" of human life, either in work or in leisure, as the area where "self-fulfilment" is to be found. In practice, people centre their energy and their feeling at different times in either their work or their leisure, very often according to how old they are, whom they love, and what they happen to be doing in work or at play. The same man may be deeply interested in his work at one stage of his life, and at another stage, with a young family, may treat his work instrumentally as a means of keeping his family and enjoying his time with them. The work may be done no worse for that, nor, for all Marx says, need he have lost touch with his "human essence".

In Pushkin's play *Mozart and Salieri* it is Salieri, the painstaking academic composer, who insists on the overwhelming importance of Art, in whose service man must sacrifice all other considerations; and Mozart who, eager to get home and play with his children, composes a lovely melody. Of course it is not as simple as Pushkin makes it either; but Mozart is worth remembering when any tidy dichotomy is proposed between "self-fulfilment" in work or in play, as if the choice must be mutually exclusive; just as the delightfully easy tone of his letters, and his remarks about the experience of composing, are worth recalling when confronted with Marx's notion of work as an activity "in the most deadly earnest", "the most intense effort", "like composing".

There is a final and minor point. The second half of this book appears to have been proof-read rather haphazardly, perhaps to demonstrate the new vitality of leisure values in work.

P. G. Herbst's *Socio-technical Design* (242pp. Tavistock. £4.50) explores the interaction between the social and technical parts of industrial, educational and scientific organizations, and also, perhaps overambitiously, seeks to develop a common analytic framework for the physical and behavioural sciences.

Dr Herbst first reviews basic socio-technical theory, illustrating this with a fascinating case study of the (temporarily closed) system of shipboard life. He then attempts, through the use of abstract and essentially behaviouralist mathematical models, to devise a general analysis, unifying social, psychological, economic and physical phenomena. Although he seeks to avoid reductionism, the resultant analysis does not seem to represent adequately the many crucial, but unquantifiable, social, cultural and political influences that impinge on any but the most closed system. Yet as Dr Herbst himself emphasizes, in his more reflective final sections, choices concerning organizational design and technological means are not pre-determined but are open to social influence. Indeed he argues that such choices should be consistent with wider social—and environmental—ends: the unanswered political questions being—whose ends? Who chooses?

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The reveries of matter

By Jonathan Culler

Bachelard : Colloque de Cérisy
44 pp. Paris : Union Générale d'Editions. 9.95fr.

DOMINIQUE LECOURT :
Bachelard ou Le jour et la nuit
171pp. Paris : Grasset. 25fr.

JEAN-CLAUDE MARGOLIN :
Bachelard
190pp. Paris : Seuil. 9fr.

At the time of his death in 1962, Gaston Bachelard was France's leading historian and philosopher of science as well as one of its most original and influential literary critics; but to pupils and colleagues he was a moral and philosophic example, a benign patriarch, majestically bearded, who had mastered the art of happiness and practised it among books and friends. Rejecting Existentialism and its cognates with the simple credo, "L'angoisse est factice", he taught the delights of poetic reverie and the difficult beauties of mathematical physics as the two principal strains of "une pensée heureuse". He was, one colleague wrote, "l'être le plus humain que j'ai jamais connu".

The diversity of his accomplishments makes Bachelard difficult to assess and contributes to the neglect of his ideas. Such a range of competence and originality is almost unprecedented, and whenever one tries to engage with some part of it one senses, looming behind the work and exceeding whatever categories one might invent, the mythical figure of the man himself.

Both the contributions to the *Colloque de Cerisy* and Jean-Claude Margolin's introductory sketch *Bachelard* emphasize his personal history and the special aura it gives him. Born in Champagne in 1884, son of a shoemaker of Bar-sur-l'Aube, he spent nine years after leaving school as a postal clerk—first in the Vosges and then, after military service, in Paris. Studying part-time, he took a *licence* in mathematics and, after serving in the trenches in the First World War became a teacher of natural sciences in his native village. "Toute ma vie est sous le signe du tardif": *licencié* in philosophy at thirty-six, *agrégé* at thirty-eight, he took his doctorate at forty-three with his *Essai sur la connaissance approchée*, an incisive attack on Bergsonism and Cartesian epistemology and a major contribution to the problem of induction. Two years later he began his university career as professor of philosophy at Dijon and in 1940 was called to the Sorbonne.

The circuitous route to academic fame, a persistent love for his native countryside and the objects of rural life, a simplicity of manner and habit, and a playful bonhomie which delighted lecture audiences are all elements of the myth which now surrounds Bachelard, as are his own lyrical evocations of a life of reading. He is the true man of books ("Lire beaucoup, lire encore, lire toujours"), who conceives no higher form of contentment: "là-haut, au ciel, le paradis n'est-il pas une immense bibliothèque?" A voracious writer as well as reader, he enriched the celestial library by thirteen scientific studies and ten of a more literary kind.

To the history and philosophy of science Bachelard's contribution seems to have been four-fold. First of all, beginning in his 1928 thesis, he asserted firmly and repeatedly the importance of providing a philosophy adequate to a science in constant transformation, of which contemporary physics was only the most striking example. Instead of starting from a theory of the relationship between consciousness and the world, determining what can in general be known, and then asking whether science can attain objective knowledge, philosophers should reverse their perspective: "L'esprit doit se plier aux conditions du savoir." As Dominique Lecourt emphasizes, this is an elementary but radical inversion. Instead of deciding what can in theory be known, one should begin with what science in fact knows. Objective knowledge is nothing other than the interpersonal knowledge produced by science over a given period, and the philosopher's task is to provide the theory of scientific practice, the epistemology or epistemologies of actual knowledge. Since knowledge is something constantly in production, philosophy must be dynamic, dialectical, even plural or "dispersée".

This attempt to account for scientific knowledge prompts Bachelard's second contribution: the attack on Cartesian epistemology. In erecting science on a foundation of clear and distinct ideas and in treating analysis as a reduction of the complex to its simple elements, Descartes asserted a continuity between immediate knowledge of a commonsense kind and the refinements of scientific knowledge. But the history of science demonstrates, Bachelard argued, that science advances only by refuting empirical experience. Alchemy, for example, is psychologically very concrete. It takes as prime the elements fundamental in immediate experience. The task of science is to replace these objects with its own constructs: "Rien n'est donné; tout est construit." Indeed, "une expérience scientifique est une expérience qui contredit l'expérience commune".

Common experience, in the form of intuitions, conscious and unconscious models, and psychological preferences, constitutes a series of "obstacles épistémologiques" which Bachelard charts with verve and subtlety in *La Formation de l'esprit scientifique* and elsewhere (the most compact and elegant example is perhaps the discussion of changing intuitions and conceptions of mass in *La Philosophie du non*). Animist, substantialist, and rationalist models or intuitions focus scientific discourse but also limit it. Each is eventually replaced by a new conception which becomes an epistemological obstacle in its turn. Descartes's sponge, a heuristic device, circumscribed possible insights, so that in Descartes "la métaphysique de l'espace est une métaphysique de l'éponge."

If science works by refuting immediate experience and transcending its own theoretical frameworks, this has implications for the problem of induction. Like Karl Popper, whose *Logic of Scientific Discovery* appeared six years after *Essai sur la connaissance approchée*, Bachelard argued that nothing is decisively verified inductively and that knowledge is therefore primarily produced by negation, by falsification. Repeated positive results do not verify a hypothesis, while a negative result forces one to investigate failure and leads to more proximate knowledge (this is, Bachelard says, the philosophy of "why not?"). One must seek "la négation partielle, la négation fine". A truly scientific observation is polemical: the atom, for example, is nothing but the sum of falsifications to which its original image has been subjected. The production of knowledge through progressive falsification is what makes science a dynamic, dialectical enterprise to be ranged under the banner of "la philosophie du non".

This dialectical rather than inductive conception of science leads to Bachelard's most influential contribution to contemporary French thought: the demonstration that science (and by implication other disciplines) is a discontinuous rather than a continuous process; not a gradual movement towards truth but a series of differential stages separated by "coupures" or "ruptures épistémologiques". Change occurs when epistemological obstacles are eliminated in favour of other models which provide new conditions of knowledge.

The notion of discontinuity has not only inspired recent French work in the history of science—notably that of Georges Canguilhem and Michel Foucault—but is also central to Louis Althusser's Marxist revisionism and to the semiological study of modes of discourse which succeed one another in time. Bachelard has helped to make history a series of synchronic stages rather than a diachronic continuum. There are similarities, too, between the epistemological discontinuities described by Bachelard and the more sociological notion of successive "paradigms" of scientific research proposed, as a development of Popper's theory of science, by Thomas Kuhn. But, while Kuhn seems inclined to make epistemological stasis ("normal science") the condition of scientific productivity, Bachelard, with his emphasis on the polemical nature of scientific statements and the need for a "polyphilosophisme" to account for the open character of science, is in some ways nearer to the epistemological anarchism recently advocated by Paul Feyerabend as the condition of scientific progress.

In France Bachelard's importance can scarcely be overestimated, but, despite the fact that his work contains, at least in embryo, the positions later developed by Popper, Kuhn, and Feyerabend, it has had little influence elsewhere. The reason is, alas, quite simple. Those who were exposed to the man and his teaching value his books. Philosophers outside France, exposed to the books alone, find their fundamental conceptions overlaid by a prose which, in its quest for the image or aphorism, belongs to another age of science: that leisurely and *mondaine* science of the eighteenth century which Bachelard so often analyses. Reading him is strenuous in a way wholly different from what one now expects of either scientific or philosophic writing.

The relationship between Bachelard's scientific and literary investigations is a question which always exercises commentators, who are professionally inclined to look for unity. M Margolin brings both together in a transcendental theory of the creative imagination, whose adventures Bachelard is said to place under the headings of *animus* and *anima*: the masculine principle of science and the feminine principle of poetic reverie. Not only is this an application of Bachelard's most insipid categories; it nullifies M Margolin's more astute observation that imagination interests Bachelard precisely at the point where it ceases to be the prerogative of the individual subject: in poetic reverie, where the subject is wholly absorbed in an object whose universal mythic potential is released, and in science, where the "thought" is implicit in a conceptual framework. (Mathematics, Bachelard asserts, is not the *language* of physics but the *thought* of physics; tensor calculus knows physics better than the physicist.)

The important point, no doubt, is that Bachelard refuses to prefer both science and poetry at their purest, and most extreme. He disdains a comfortable interdisciplinarity which would teach literary men the second law of thermodynamics and produce or enjoy novels about scientists. He always maintained that his two enterprises were separate, though perhaps complementary. As M Lecourt argues, one is the converse of the other: the psychologically privileged images which Bachelard studies as obstacles to science become, with a change of perspective, manifestations of a basic affective and mythical universe explored by poetry.

Biographically this is indeed their relationship: Bachelard's study of epistemological obstacles, especially those of alchemy, provoked a series of books on the psychological and poetic qualities of the four elements. The earliest and best, *La Psychanalyse du feu* (1938), is fascinating in its hesitation between the scientific and the literary. Finally Bachelard chooses to remain in the imagination possibilities of fire but draws on scientific writings for proof of the resilience of, for example, the sexual associations of fire and electricity. Though the psychoanalytic concepts he employs are personal and diffuse, he introduces psychoanalysis into literary studies in a way of analysing not authors, but images, whose power is said to derive from their exploitation of a primordial and archetypal experience—not unlike that of a nineteenth-century village childhood.

The task of the poet, Bachelard writes, is to liberate in us "une matière qui veut rêver", and for him, as for the Surrealists, the instrument of liberation is the image. The analyst tries to participate in the poetic reverie and to discover, beneath the manifest images, the primitive affective experience to which they refer us. By treating poetry in this way, Bachelard not only established "imagist" criticism in France; he put it on a more honest footing than is usual in England or America, recognizing that, if images are made the privileged elements of a poem ("le poème est une grappe d'images"), critics should not simply study them as reflections of implicit or explicit themes but should develop a theory to explain why images are treated as the source of literary power.

Roland Barthes once observed in the *TLS* (September 26, 1963) that "present day French criticism in its most flourishing aspect can be said to be Bachelardian in inspiration". Though he was thinking primarily of Jean-Pierre Richard, Jean Starobinski, and Georges Poulet who, like Bachelard, make criticism a participation in the affective universe of an author, Bachelard has also had immense dialectical influence: much recent French criticism is an attempt to transcend his limitations. His theory of poetry has the virtue of falsifiability. We dispute it by showing that the force and significance of images depend more on specific ideological or differential functions within a text than on universal associations: that images of earth are not always "stables et tranquilles" nor walls and houses welcoming and protective.

Moreover, Bachelard's hypothesis leads us to argue that much poetry does not simply evoke or invoke an immediate and natural experience of the world but works, rather as Bachelard claims science does: breaking down immediate intuitions, de-constructing a universe of archetypal clichés, and re-inventing the world by giving it an order which is discursive rather than immediately affective. Bachelard's work, by its explicitness, has provoked a more adequate account of poetry.

If it seems too paradoxical that a thematic, atomistic, and sentimental approach to poetry should stimulate a formalism centred on notions of languages, codes and structure, one might look at Bachelard's most accomplished piece of criticism, his *Lautréamont* of 1939. This is both a judicious appreciation of an author previously ignored, except by the Surrealists, and a series of methodological suggestions. Investigating the energy and aggression of *Les Chants de Maldoror*, Bachelard tries to define the "poids algébrique mesurant l'action vitale des divers animaux" and constructs a system of valencies relating crab to louse, eagle, and vulture. The notion of an underlying system of forces enables him to treat Kafka's bestiary (based on coagulation and petrification) as an inversion of Lautréamont's and to see Lecomte de Lisle's as an "adjectival" version of what is "substantivized" in *Maldoror*. Arguing that an elementary "poésie primitive" is always a late conquest, a deformation of existing forms, just as the more fundamental projective geometry is founded on the systematic deformation of geometrical forms, he speaks of a "poésie projective" based on the question: "quels sont les éléments d'une forme poétique qui peuvent être impunément déformés par une métaphore ou laissant subsister une cohérence poétique?" This is the formalist question that determines so much twentieth-century literature.

Bachelard neglects the formalist possibilities of his suggestions, and it is striking that when pursued they yield conclusions diametrically opposed to his conception of poetry. He had spoken of the need for "un diagramme qui indiquerait le sens et la symétrie (of a poet's) variations métaphoriques"; but, when Edward Lynette studies the network of imagery in baroque poetry in these terms, or Lévi-Strauss formalizes the relations among images in myths, this produce not a Novalis but a Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*, made by the grotesque Jean-Louis Barrault at the Théâtre de Poche, with the text spoken by Pierre Boulez. The text of Nietzsche's work has just been published in a new edition (Gallimard). Barrault's production, which ignores the theatre—using cardboard, sound, film, "action painting" and so on—looks more like a typography album than a production. Successive movements and [illegible]

From chapbooks to novels

W. H. Bruford

GERT WARD :
Production, Fiction and the German Reading Public, 1740-1800
Oxford University Press.

The five chapters of *Book Production, Fiction and the German Reading Public, 1740-1800*, packed with information but very readable, Albert Ward has drawn attention to some very usually neglected in the narrow histories of eighteenth-century German literature. What concerns us in particular is the growth of the novel-reading habit in Germany and its repercussions on the German book trade. When Frederick the Great came to the throne in 1740 books were still written for the most part by scholars for scholars, though a certain number of novels with literary pretensions had been produced for a century or so for the educated among the aristocracy. Middle-class people read little but the Bible and devotional books, and the rest of the population was illiterate. Some of the old chapbooks like *Faust* and the *Melusine* provided lighter reading for all who could read, and versions of *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Spectator*, etc, had already proved immensely popular and been widely imitated.

Of this state of things which is described in Mr Ward's first chapter with some indications of the intellectual background. These are very but familiar generalities followed by a successful attempt to identify the appeal of various kinds of writing between 1700 and 1750 by an analysis of statistics derived from the Leipzig book-fair catalogues. Mr Ward shows clearly how the literature of imagination and entertainment steadily encroached on theology and scholarship, which had even been presented at first in Latin, and what sort of titles attracted the public to the light novel in the last thirty years of the century.

The central chapter describes in detail the growth of the novel-reading habit in Germany. By the end of the century reading had become a necessity, not perhaps, as Mr Ward claims, for all classes of society, but at least for very many people in all but the working class in town and country. This class, on evidence given in the last chapter, was still largely illiterate even in 1800, though newspapers, weeklies and the rubbish brought round by travelling book-pedlars were within the reach of all who were interested. We learn of the long struggle of merely entertaining

Sinks of iniquity

By Sonia Jackson

ANN OAKLEY:
The Sociology of Housework
242pp. Martin Robertson. Paperback, £1.95
Housewife
273pp. Allen Lane. £3.50.

"Who really gives a damn about reading studies, particularly feminist studies about women, their dilemmas, their problems, their attempts at solution?" A risky preface to a book about housework. At a guess the answer is: very few men and only a tiny minority of women. Ann Oakley has spelt out all the dissatisfied stirrings that rarely find their way into words. But what will husbands say when they come home to readers of *Housewife* brimming with a newfound sense of injustice? "Are you having a period?", probably.

Indifference and ridicule are the worst enemies of Women's Liberation, and are too often met with the bitter stridency that disfigures so many feminist tracts. Ann Oakley is a dedicated feminist herself, but not surprisingly, as the daughter of Richard and Kay Titmuss, she belongs in the peculiarly English tradition of socialist humanism which insists that civilized manners and radical convictions are not incompatible. She seems closer to the ground than most of her sisters in the cause, and few women could read these books without recognizing their own situation.

The contrasted presentation of the two books, both drawing on a finely detailed study of forty London housewives, is misleading. *Housewife*, dustwrapped to look like a detergent packet—"High Value—Low Cost"—is in no sense a jazzed-up version of the apparently more academic *Sociology of Housework*: just as serious and closely argued, it ranges more widely, comparing the role of women now and in the past, in our own and other cultures.

Nearly all women, whatever their class or position in society, are housewives, and this is the most significant fact about them. Marriage and housewifery, says Ann Oakley, are basic impediments to occupational sex-equality, steering women into low-status, poorly paid jobs. The proportion of women in the professions has not changed since 1931. Women graduates, however gifted, nearly all settle for basic-grade schoolteaching, because they have been conditioned by their upbringing, as all women are in our culture, to see the service role to husbands and children as the first claim on their time. This is well illustrated in one of the four long interviews from the housework survey included in *Housewife*. Margaret Nicholson, a publisher's wife with three children, describes her daily routine: "Some days the first thing I do is I have to iron a shirt for Peter and a blouse for Lucy. Then I usually run the bath for the children." After breakfast (she does not mention eating anything herself), "I have to get Lucy ready for school, take her, come back, get Kate ready for playgroup, take her, come back, and then take Peter to the station"—and so on through the day. Classified as one of the minority who are "satisfied" with housework, she feels guilty if she complains about her husband's late hours, which she explains as necessary to his work.

In contrast Sally Jordan, a dustman's wife, is fiercely resentful of her imprisonment in a classic working-class "segregated" marriage, an endless round of cleaning and washing to which children are seen as an obstruction. She realizes that she is preparing her own daughter for the housewife role just as she was conditioned in her childhood. Yet given the chance to follow the logic of her own argument, she retreats: "A woman can never be as equal as a man." She sees, as Ann Oakley perhaps chooses not to, that her story could be read in a different light. A man analysing these two interviews might point out that marriage has enabled Marianne Nicholson to move into a social class and enjoy a standard of living she could never have achieved by her own efforts. It provides her with an escape route from the typing she dislikes while her husband bears all the strain of a competitive profession. Sally Jordan's life is less pleasant in every way, but "I couldn't imagine myself doing what my husband does. Lugging great sacks of rubbish about." His nights at the pub are dearly bought.

In fact, feelings about the housewife's role are closely related to the perceived alternative, as *The Sociology of Housework* clearly shows. Ann Oakley challenges the often-repeated assertion that working-class women are satisfied with housework while middle-class women are not. She found that the initially favourable response of working-class women to the question "Do you like housework?" was often followed by obvious signs of discontent. The explanation may be found in the class differences in linguistic style identified by Basil Bernstein: the middle-class housewife in response to a direct question can more immediately describe her own individual feelings. The real division, however, is not along class lines but between women who have positively enjoyed their former jobs and those who were always more strongly beckoned by the status of wife and mother.

Like it or not, every woman in the survey spent a great deal of time doing housework. The least was forty hours a week, the most 105 (that one washed the carpets every Friday night). The hour-by-hour breakdown of household tasks dispels one myth popular among sociologists (Michael Young and Peter Willmott the worst culprits): that the old division of labour is breaking down and modern husbands take an equal share in household tasks. Every woman knows this is nonsense, and Ann Oakley has proved it. Even when the wife has a full-time job, the *responsibility* for running the house and caring for the children remains hers, and anything the husband does is "helping". Both sociologists and neighbours give him credit for it: the wife gets only blame for what she does not do.

Perhaps this absence of external reward is what drives women like the carpet-washer to set up rigid housework standards for themselves which can only be met by constant, single-minded effort. And in the pursuit of perfection children can be the greatest sufferers. Politically unchanging though it may be, Ann Oakley has to acknowledge a class difference here. Working-class women in her survey tended to treat housework and child-care as much the same type of activity, aiming to keep their children clean, tidy and well-dressed. When the two activities conflicted, it was the children who were perceived as interfering with the housework. As Sally Jordan, the dustman's wife, explains: "My patience is gradually wearing thin." Few seemed to experience active pleasure in their children, possibly because the more creative aspects of parenthood, romping with children, taking them out, putting them to bed, were most often taken over by fathers—therefore freeing the woman for yet more housework.

Diagnosis is easier than cure. The truth is that it takes a great deal of hard work and planning to bring children up rightly, to create a clean, comfortable home, to satisfy assorted appetites on a limited budget. There is a case for division of labour, no doubt, is why it persists so strongly. Women can only be freed, Ann Oakley argues in *Housewife*, by breaking the circle of "learnt deprivation and induced subjugation" in which they are trapped. To this end we must abolish not only the housewife role but the family itself. Anyone who follows Ann Oakley through these two original and absorbing books will agree that this is a logical conclusion. The important question is: might the price be too high?

Parent Power (edited by Nicholas Bagnall. 130pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £1.95. Fontana paperback, 40p) is not a handbook for parents who aspire to revolution but a simple guide to the organization of schools set out like a dictionary. This format means that on the same two pages the authors define and describe "Half-time schooling", "Head Teacher", "Higher Education", "Higher National Diploma" and "HMC Schools". For "Handicapped pupils" the reader is referred to "Special Schools". The information is accurate though there is a tendency to mingle well-meaning progressive comment with the facts. A useful reading list is given after queries on the more compli-cated topics.

Books in brief

Geology

DEFSON, A. F. L. (Editor). *The Collector's Encyclopedia of Rocks and Minerals*. 288pp including 831 illustrations. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £5.95.

The enthusiasm for collecting beautiful minerals and rocks, long evident in the United States, has reached this country only in recent years. Mineral specimens have increased in price as a result. *The Collector's Encyclopedia of Rocks and Minerals* is therefore timely. It is well illustrated, though few of the rocks or minerals can safely be identified on the basis of appearance alone. The list of minerals described is reasonably complete, including many new species. Chemical formulae, crystal systems, and the usual macroscopic diagnostic criteria are listed, together with typical localities. The whole is alphabetically arranged, and includes names of common rocks. In a few cases it is by no means obvious which illustration refers to which entry, for example on page 59 is the plate of Arsenic, Arsenolite or Arsenopyrite?

History

GORDON, CYRUS H. *Riddles in History*. 188pp. Arthur Barker. £2.95.

The riddles are posed by those inscribed stones which have turned up in various parts of America to indicate that the Atlantic had been crossed by others long before Columbus—even before the Christian era, if any faith is to be placed in the Paraiba stone, found in Brazil, which purports to record a Phoenician voyage in about 500 BC. This has been dismissed as a forgery, but for Cyrus H. Gordon "the Paraiba Affair is far from over". So also with the Kensington Stone from Minnesota on which experts have deciphered a runic inscription and the date 1362; and the runestones discovered in Maine, one of which contains a crude map of the adjacent coast. This is a sphere in which the layman and hoaxer have been busy, but Professor Gordon's scrutiny of the stones inclines him to the belief that they are authentic. He argues that facts unknown when the stones were found have since come to light to confirm their genuineness. The famous Vinland Map has been written off as a forgery since it was illustrated and described in *The Times* in October 1965, but about this, too, the author has considerable doubt. His analysis of the inscriptions with their alleged cryptograms and ciphers may in parts be too abstruse for the general reader, but this essay in historical detection has its own fascination.

ROULSTONE, MICHAEL. *The Royal House of Tudor*. 192pp. St Ives: Balfour. £6.

Anyone anxious to possess a Tudor picture album, and willing to pay the book's fairly stiff price, will find here a finely reproduced series of colour-portraits of the sovereigns and notabilities of the age. The illustrations also include buildings, plate, armour and medals of the time, reproductions of woodcuts and title-pages of such contemporary bestsellers as Raleigh's *History* and Camden's *Britannia*. The text offers an outline history of the four Tudor reigns in their artistic and intellectual achievements as well as their politics. There are a few careless blemishes: it is misleading to say that Hollinshed's two-volume *Chronicles* begin with the Conquest, and still more so to assert that Shakespeare's career could have started as an attendant at the Globe. Not a book for serious students of the sixteenth century but, in the words of the blurb, "a panoramic glance" at the period, and as such eminently satisfying to the eye.

Literature

STORM, THEODOR. *Briefe*. Edited by Peter Goldammer. Volume 1, 688pp. Volume 2, 641pp. Berlin: Aufbau-Verlag.

Theodor Storm was a prolific letter-writer. Peter Goldammer's two-volume edition contains 350 items—approximately one tenth of Storm's total epistolary output. The selection is eminently sensible: it is both substantial and balanced, and does justice to the various facets of Storm's personality. Moreover, some fifty letters are made available here for the first time in published form. Scholars will welcome the ample and reliable indexes which enable one to locate themes, occupations, specific topics (including literary works) as they occur in the letters. The general reader will find an edition that he can read with pleasure and profit: there is at times a surprising intensity and frankness about the letters. The limitations and the strengths of Storm's creative personality find impressive and urgent expression in these important documents.

Medicine

MORTIMER, PHYLLIS. *Only When It Hurts*. 118pp. Wolfe. £2.50.

"The patient can offender do without the doctor than the doctor without the patient." In this collection of extracts from books of home or domestic medicine, ranging from 1733 to 1934, Phyllis Mortimer has made use of a large amount of amusing and entertaining material to illustrate the truth of this aphorism. Some of her material is sensible enough, but most of it is interesting because of what it has to say about the gullibility of the public at large in matters affecting their health before medicine acquired the relatively scientific basis it has now. The patient was encouraged in self-medication, and one cannot help being surprised at the noxious compounds which were proposed and at the strange reasons given for their use. It was with regard to matters of sanitary hygiene that the most sense was talked: for it was at this time that British sanitary arrangements were in advance of those generally in use in the rest of Europe.

Natural History

ANGEL, HEATHER. *The World of an Estuary*. 128pp including 50 illustrations. Faber and Faber. £1.95.

That there is rather more to estuaries than cold-looking water, mud and a good deal of plastic jetsam Heather Angel makes clear in this short study which is illuminatively written but also down to earth. Where sea and river meet and the quality of the water varies greatly, there are several kinds of fish to be found; cockles, mussels, shrimps; the handsome sea thrift and sea lavender, duck, geese and waders; and also man with his shipping, oil refineries, nuclear-power stations, water-skiing, dinghies and pollution. The relationship between man and the natural inhabitants of the estuary is discussed with unusual good sense.

Politics

RUSH, MICHAEL and SHAW, MALCOLM (Editors). *The House of Commons: Services and Facilities*. 302pp. Allen and Unwin. £6.25.

New members of Parliament almost invariably complain that the services provided for them in the Palace of Westminster are inadequate. This book demonstrates that the principal blame rests on generations of Members themselves, who steadfastly resist effective proposals for change. In 1968 the responsible ministry offered to provide a completely new parliamentary building costing £14-£15m and taking seven or eight years to build by making use of a government-owned site opposite the present House of Commons. Members who examined the scheme decided it would take too long and cost too much. Five years later, in June 1973, the House agreed in theory to a smaller annex to the present building to cost an estimated £11 million and to be built at some indeterminate future date. Meanwhile, new facilities include an underground car-park, costing two and a half million, which several Members have denounced as an extravagant white elephant, and the selling of pencils to Members by the barber, who exercises his skills under the direction of the Sergeant-at-Arms, but who does not provide hairdressing for women Members. The contributors to this recondite miscellany are members of the Study of Parliament Group, which consists of parliamentary officials and academics.

Ships

FOWLES, JOHN. *Shipwreck*. 66pp including 35 photographs by the Gibson Family. Cape. £1.95.

This is an attractive selection of the superb photographs of shipwrecks around the Cornish coast taken in the past seventy-five years by John, Alexander and Frank Gibson of Scilly. Though the text is a little maudlin, the photographs are immensely interesting apart from the illustrated, many of them accidental social interest. They are a delight and for the most part are factual and a

Sports and Games

Stanley Gibbons: Catalogue. 62p. Stanley Gibbons. £3.50.

through the purchase of further business of Gibbons Merkur G... Gmbh

the attention of the edition to the issues of Germany plete revision of Merkur. Minor improvements have been made to the and the Indian Ocean plete revision is Russian state of general is market than was Europe was in published volume.

Stanley Gibbons: Specialized Catalogue: British Commonwealth. 962pp. Stanley Gibbons. £7.50.

It is a great relief to have a larger format which size illustrations and type. The incorporation of photographically reduced pictures in the new Royal Mint issue is justified by the space effected. The compilation of additional information in the "Elizabethan" section is a valuable reference work for philatelist interested in this period. It includes. Probably the future is the enlargement of hundreds of the existing cylinder varieties whose importance to collectors of the present reign. Stamp booklets for which issues them is an aspect of this comprehensive league.

Transport

CORNWELL, H. J. *Years of Caledonian 1883-1922*. 224pp. David and Charles.

There has been a rather superficial "spectators" books of flashing rods with the fireman, who ought something more to a cheery wave at the What a relief to be this is not that book. Campbell Cornwell, who had a glorious reign the St Rollox depot, examines the crucial between boardroom motive design, and locomotives in the formance during the years of the old Caledonian way. The period saw renaissance and later decline but with bloom tendents like Dugald and J. F. McIntosh the "Caley" was company to be reckoned with beautiful was the locomotives!

War Studies

GENTIL, RICHARD. *Intrude*. 127pp. Turner. £3.30.

Richard Gentil took become trained as a operational service during the Second Rather more than half was spent in Canada was not required much less fortunately weather until he took reasonable degree of efficiency. At the end of the war he was quite a good two-engine fighters during night duty as escorts, ground strafers in the of the war. There is no hint in his story that pilots became equipped without such long preparation but, at some points, the RAF had all training had to be cut no chances taken. Perhaps to be trained to fly known hazards—this illustrates that principle provides an authentic the procedures and those who dedicated air defence.

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Salary, dependent upon age and experience, in the region of £3,000 per annum.
Applications to the Personnel Manager, CBI, 21 Tothill Street, London SW1H 9LP.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
COLLEGE LIBRARIAN
GLOUCESTERSHIRE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
Oxstall Lane, Gloucester GL2 9BW
Applicants should be professionally qualified librarians.
Salary: APS with entry point according to qualifications and experience.
Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Principal of the college to whom they should be returned by March 14th, 1975.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON LIBRARY
SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT
There is a vacancy for a Senior Library Assistant in the Philosophy and Psychology Subject Libraries (approx. half time in each). Duties include classification of new books and service to readers.
Applicants should have some professional qualifications or other appropriate qualifications and/or experience.
Starting salary according to qualifications and experience on scale £1,925 by £41 to £2,084 plus £309 London Allowance and threshold payments; 6 weeks holiday; pension scheme.
Application forms and particulars from the Director of Central Library Services, Senate House, Malet Street, WC1E 7HU.
Completed application forms should be received by 7th March, 1975.

THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON
LIBRARY AND INFORMATION SERVICES
LIBRARY ASSISTANT (CO1)
Holloway Road, N.7
The successful candidate will help with general library duties which will include dealing with library users at the counter. Experience preferred on the basis of a professional career in librarianship. Opportunities exist for promotion to a higher grade for outstanding assistants.
Basic salary, at 21, £1,317, rising by annual increments to £1,962 (£2,070 and Threshold payments). 36-hour week. 19 days leave per annum.
Details and application form from Nancy Hammond, Library Education and Training Officer, Polytechnic of North London, Holloway Road, N7 8DB.

UNIVERSITY OF SALFORD
LIBRARY
SUB-LIBRARIAN (HEADING SERVICES)
APPLICATIONS are invited from GRADUATES with professional qualifications in librarianship and considerable recent experience for the post of Sub-Librarian (Heading Services).
Salary scale £2,709 to £3,866 per annum. T.S.S.U.S.S.S.
Further particulars and application forms are available from the Registrar, University of Salford, Salford M5 4WT, to whom completed forms should be returned by third Friday (7th March) quoting reference LV 94, DES.

UNIVERSITY OF STRATHCLYDE
APPLICATIONS are invited from GRADUATES for a post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN II (Grade 1A), Status Officer, in the Andersonian Library.
Applicants should have experience in an Academic, Special or large Public Library and should have some experience in modern library techniques to assist with continuing automation developments in the Library. Preference will be given to Chartered Librarians.
Salary scale: £2,118 to £3,090 per annum with £1,9.9a benefits and threshold payments.
Application forms and further particulars (quoting 2/75) may be obtained from the Registrar, Universities of Strathclyde, Royal College Building, 204 George Street, Glasgow, G1 1XW, to whom applications should be lodged by 15th March 1975.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF TRAFFORD
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN—ALTRINCHAM DIVISION
Librarians' Scale (£1,656-£4,107 (bar-£2,538)
A qualified Librarian is required for this post, based at Altrincham, involving general administration, readers' advisory work and staff management.
Application forms and further details from Mr. B. Dove, Assistant Borough Librarian, Libraries Department, Firth House, Talbot Road, Manchester M16 0GU (telephone, 061-872 0183, ext. 19), to whom completed forms should be returned by March 5.
H. W. D. Scuthorne, Chief Executive Officer and Town Clerk.

WYE COLLEGE
(University of London)
Wye, Ashford, Kent TN25 5AH
APPLICATIONS are invited from GRADUATES with qualifications in librarianship for a new post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN.
The duties of the post are expected to include cataloguing and information functions with particular reference to the work of the library serving the Wye Agricultural Centre, which has recently been established at the College.
Salary on the scale, £2,118 to £4,206 per annum with threshold payment, and superannuation benefits. It is anticipated that the initial salary will be in the range, £2,118 to £2,787.
Further particulars from the College Secretary, to whom applications should be sent by Monday, 3rd March, 1975.

UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK
ECONOMICS LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for a post of LIBRARIAN in ECONOMICS and BUSINESS STUDIES in the University Library. Under the Head of the subject section. Appropriate experience is desirable. The post is on the grade of Senior Library Assistant I.
Salary on the scale £2,118 to £2,951 per annum under review, plus threshold payments.
Further particulars are available from the Academic Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL, to whom applications (two copies) should be sent in writing (no forms), giving the names of two referees. Closing date for applications is 17th March, 1975. Please quote Ref. No.: 30/B/75.

MORAY HOUSE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
Assistant Librarian
Applications are invited from professionally qualified librarians for a post of Assistant Librarian in the Cataloguing Section of the College Library. The library is classified by Dewey, and experience of this scheme would be an advantage.
The salary scale is £2,055-£2,538 (under review), plus threshold payments valued at £229.68 per annum added at all points on the scale. Placing is dependent upon present salary. Local government superannuation scheme.
For further particulars and application form write to the College Secretary, Moray House College of Education, Holyrood Road, Edinburgh EH8 8AQ, to whom completed application forms should be returned by not later than Wednesday, 12th March, 1975.

FIFE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
SCHOOL LIBRARY SERVICE
BALWEARIE HIGH SCHOOL, KIRKCALDY
BUCKHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL, BUCKHAVEN, and
BELL-BAXTER HIGH SCHOOL, CUPAR
Applications are invited from qualified librarians, or others who have completed their professional studies, for posts as school librarians within the Fife Region.
Salary—Chartered Librarians £2,055/£2,538; others within the Trainee Grade £988/£2,187 (Bar at £1,923), according to qualifications.
Forms of applications may be obtained from the Director of Education, Education Offices, Wemyss Hall, Kirkcaldy, Fife, to whom applications should be addressed before 10th March, 1975.

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE
Assistant Archivist
£3,371-£3,692
Applications are invited from persons suitably qualified in Local History and Archive Administration to help with the regulation and cataloguing of archival material and enquiring that a detailed history of Lewisham is maintained. Also to carry out research in the answering of inquiries.
The successful candidate will give lectures to students from universities, colleges and schools and help other departments of the Council with searches.
Application forms, returnable by 14th March and detailed job description from 01-690 7688 (24-hour Ansafone service), quoting reference AM39/TLS and job title, or write (or call at) Personnel Division, Town Hall, Catford, London SE6 4RU.

KENYATTA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
PROFESSORSHIPS
Applicants must have a first degree in the relevant subject, teaching experience at university level, and a Ph.D. or equivalent ability to plan and execute new programmes for undergraduate and postgraduate students and supervise postgraduate research.
Appointments are required in Physics, Literature (including in Literature, European Literature).
Kenyatta University College specializes in teaching undergraduates who have experience in this field at university level will be on salaries ranging all the posts.
Terms of service include substantial housing, contributory pension scheme, Staff Superannuation Fund or P.S.S.U. and a non-contributory medical scheme. Expatriate appointments are on a tour basis of two years, renewable and include passages for up to five children. Local appointment, between tours and at expiry of contract.
Salary scales: Professor (KEA £6,600 to £8,400) per annum; Senior Lecturer (KEA £4,800 to £6,246); Lecturer (KEA £2,856 to £4,080) per annum.
Applicants should give names and addresses of three referees and send their letter of application direct to the Registrar without delay.
Written applications (12 copies) giving full details of qualifications, age, experience, and the post applied for, should be addressed to: The Registrar, Kenyatta University College, P.O. Box 43844, Kahrdoi, Kenya, to reach him not later than 10th March, 1975.

UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK
LECTURESHIP IN THE HISTORY OF ART
APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST, tenable from 1st October, 1975. Candidates should have some experience of research plus a higher degree. Preference will be given to candidates whose field of interest lies in the late 16th, 17th or 18th centuries. The salary will be within the limits of the Lecturer Scale £2,118-£3,696 per annum plus threshold payments.
Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL, quoting Ref. No. 29/74/75. Closing date for receipt of applications is 21st March, 1975.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW
LECTURESHIP IN SCOTTISH LITERATURE
APPLICATIONS are invited for a LECTURESHIP in SCOTTISH LITERATURE. The successful candidate will be expected to teach Scottish literature in the Department of English, to develop the study of Scottish literature before 1800. The salary will be within the range £2,118 to £3,696 per annum if the Lecturer scale (£2,118 to £4,806) is adopted, or within the range £2,118 to £4,206 per annum if the Lecturer scale (£2,118 to £3,696) is adopted. Initial increments may be granted for relevant experience.
Further particulars from the College Secretary, to whom applications should be sent by Monday, 3rd March, 1975.

UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK
LECTURESHIP IN THEATRE STUDIES
APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST in the Department of Theatre Studies. Candidates should have a Second Class Honours degree in Drama and good teaching experience. Qualifications in directing and performance are essential. Salary within the Lecturer Scale £2,118-£4,806 per annum plus threshold payments.
Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL, to whom applications (two copies) should be sent in writing (no forms), giving the names of two referees. Closing date for receipt of applications is 17th March, 1975. Please quote Ref. No.: 30/B/75.

UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK
LECTURESHIP IN ENGLISH
APPLICATIONS are invited for a LECTURESHIP in ENGLISH in the Department of English and Comparative Literary Studies, tenable from 1st October, 1975. Candidates must have an active interest in American Literature. The salary will be within the limits of the Lecturer Scale £2,118-£4,806 per annum plus threshold payments.
Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL, quoting Ref. No. 29/74/75. Closing date for receipt of applications is 21st March, 1975.

UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK
SUPERVISOR OF READER SERVICES
APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of SUPERVISOR of READER SERVICES in the University Library. Experience in an academic library is essential and preference will be given to applicants with a degree and/or professional qualifications. Previous experience of an automated issue system would be an advantage.
Salary on the Assistant Librarian scale: £2,118 to £4,806 per annum plus threshold payments, initially at a point in the range £2,118 to £3,990 per annum.
Further particulars are available from the Academic Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL, to whom applications (two copies) should be sent in writing (no forms), giving the names of two referees. Closing date for receipt of applications is 17th March, 1975. Please quote Ref. No.: 30/B/75.

THE SOUTHERN EDUCATION AND LIBRARY BOARD
LIBRARY SERVICE
Assistant Chief Librarian
YOUTH SERVICES
P.O. 1 Points 3-7: £3,939-£4,449.
Applications are invited from Chartered or other suitably qualified Librarians with at least seven years' post professional experience for the 2nd tier post of Assistant Chief Librarian: Youth Services. This post is based at Library Headquarters in the new town of Craigavon, for a period of approximately four years, until the new Library Headquarters building is erected in Armagh.
The Services Department embraces the Services to Schools at 17 branches and four mobile libraries, to the primary schools and the 67 secondary schools.
Application forms and details available from the Acting Personnel Officer, 3 Charlemont Place, The Mall, Armagh—returnable by Monday, 10th March, 1975.

GLAMORGAN POLYTECHNIC
POLITECHNIG MORGANNWG
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN £2,416-£2,767 (inc. threshold). Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for this post in the Polytechnic Library. The post is graded APS, and Local Government conditions of service will apply.
Further details and application forms (returnable by 14th March, 1975) may be obtained from Personnel Officer, Glamorgan Polytechnic, Clinton Road, Treforest, Pontypridd. Tel. Pontypridd 408133.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE
1 Wimpole Street, London W1M 8AE
Invites applications for post in Assistant Librarian, Grade 2 (£2,556 by £125 to £2,125; by £150 to £2,800).
Applications, naming two referees, to Librarian.

APPOINTMENTS

VACANT APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES

CREATIVE WRITING FELLOWSHIP

The College, with the support of the Arts Council of Great Britain, proposes to establish a CREATIVE WRITING FELLOWSHIP in the Department of English for the academic year beginning in October 1975 and applications for this post are invited from suitably qualified writers of poetry, fiction or drama.

It is hoped that the person appointed will be willing to participate in some aspect of the formal teaching of the Department and to arrange informal classes to promote interest in creative writing generally, as well as continuing with his own work. If the interests of the successful applicant are in drama, it is hoped that he will participate in the activities of the Department's drama workshop.

The salary payable (including expenses) will not be more than £4,000, and will depend on the age, qualifications and circumstances of the Fellow.

All enquiries about the Fellowship should be addressed to Professor A. H. Jones of the Department of English. Applications, giving full details of experience and qualifications, together with the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to reach the Secretary and Registrar, University College of North Wales, Bangor, LL57 2DG, no later than 17 March, 1975.

ARCHIVISTS

ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST (AP5)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of an ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST in the Archives and LOCAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT of the LIBRARIES AND AMENITIES SERVICE.

The post involves the full range of professional duties, including the exploitation of all the resources of the Department, and the development of a recently started oral history section.

Suitable qualifications for the post include the Diploma in Archive Administration, an Honours Degree plus some experience of work in a record office.

Salary : £3,460-£3,821 per annum inclusive.

Application forms or further information obtainable from the Recruitment Officer, Directorate of Management Services, London Borough of Haringey, 37 Station Road, London N15 3SN, or tel. 01-274 5468 (24-hour Answering Service), to be returned as soon as possible.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

THE HOPKINS SOCIETY (1969)

PROFESSOR BERNARD BERGONZI will give the Sixth Annual Lecture HOPKINS THE ENGLISHMAN 6 p.m., Monday, 3 March, Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

Admission free

Publications available to members : HOPKINS RESEARCH BULLETIN, Nos. 1-5 (surplus), MSS., annual bibliography, research in progress, index.)

ANNUAL LECTURES : B. Hardy, W. Leavis & Raimo. W. Nowottny, W. W. Robson.

ANNUAL SERMONS : Bp. Hudleston, Archbp. Roberts, Prof. Thomson, Bp. Montefiore, Fr. T. Cordelsbury.

Annual dues : Regular members £3 ($8 USA); Libraries £4 ($12 USA). Membership details from : Hopkins Society, 268 Torrey Street, Infield, Middlesex EN1 4NW, England.

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LITERARY

THE EIGHTEEN NINETIES SOCIETY

Incorporating The Francis Thompson Society. Estd. 1963

3 KEMPLAY ROAD, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON NW3 1TA

Join the Society and obtain our Journal free of charge which is not for public sale. Membership is open to individuals, Libraries and Cultural and Educational Institutions. Annual Membership (subscription) is £1.50 ; U.S.$7.00.

Contents of the current special issue : Nos. 4 and 5 :

Down the Arches of the years: Richard Crashaw and Francis Thompson. *Carroll Miller*

The Colour-Research of the Poets of the Nineties. *John Adland*

The White Rose Rebuilded : Neo-Jacobitism in the 1890's. *Ian Fletcher*

Notes on the Influence of Francis Thompson upon that of Modern Poetry. *Michael Cope*

School of Poetry

Address all Book Reviews, etc., Correspondence to the Hon. Secretary of the Society.

School Librarians

£2,187-£3,201 plus threshold

(Commencing point related to experience and progression beyond £2,538 and £2 880 dependent on level of responsibility)

Four posts involving responsibility for maintaining, developing and exploiting the library and resource centres at two high schools (11-16 years) in Luton and two upper schools (13-18 years) in Dunstable. You will need to be a Chartered Librarian with suitable experience.

Bedfordshire offers very many environmental advantages, with an attractive combination of rural and urban surroundings and, of course, swift access via good rail and motorway links with both London and the South and the Midlands and North.

Benefits include 100% mortgages, 100% removal expenses.

For further information and your application form please write immediately.

Application forms from the Personnel Officer, Bedfordshire County Council, County Hall, Bedford. Tel. 0234 63222 Ext. 101. Closing date: March 14th, 1975.

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

WILTSHIRE — LIBRARY & MUSEUM SERVICE

LIBRARIAN

Westbury

AP3 £2,187-£2,538 p.a., plus threshold payment—£229 p.a.

Chartered Librarian required to continue the development of a well-used library serving a community of 7,000 people. An interest in work with young people, in particular adolescents, and the possession of a current driving licence will be an advantage.

Westbury is a town set in attractive countryside and is fortunate in possessing a good rail link with London and with the West of England. It is close to Bath and Bristol, which possess excellent shopping facilities.

Disturbance, removal and lodging allowances payable up to a maximum of £500, subject to certain conditions.

Application forms and details from Frederick Hallworth, F.L.A., F.R.G.S., Director Library and Museum Service, Bythesea Road, Trowbridge, Wilts, returnable to the County Personnel Officer by 12th March, 1975, quoting reference NA.75.51.

Box Numbers

Due to increased postal costs, the charge for Box Number facilities in the Times Literary Supplement will be 50p per insertion effective from 7th March 1975.

GLAMORGAN COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Buttrills Road, Barry, S. Glam. (Tel.: Barry 3101)

Principal : Clement Roberts, M.A.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

(Clerical 2. £1,866 to £2,124, plus threshold)

Applications are invited for the above post in the College Library. Applicants should have gained at least five G.C.E. "O" level passes, or equivalent. A pass in Part I of the Library Association's Associateship examinations would be an advantage. Applicants must have had good Library experience. The Library remains open during College vacations.

Application forms (and further particulars) are obtainable from, and should be returned to, the Senior Administrative Officer, Glamorgan College of Education, by 8th March, 1975.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF THE COUNTY OF STIRLING

COUNTY LIBRARY—SCHOOL LIBRARY SERVICE

Applications are invited for the post of qualified

SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

at Larbert High School, Larbert

Salary payable will be within the range £2,065-£2,856 for Chartered Librarians or £1,926 per annum for those who have passed the L.A. Final Examination but have not yet fulfilled their service requirements. Salary subject to Threshold Agreement.

N.J.C. Conditions of Service.

Applications (quoting Ref. L.154), giving details of age, qualifications and experience together with the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the undersigned not later than Friday, 7th March, 1975.

County Offices,
Viewforth, STIRLING.

JAMES D. KENNEDY,
County Clerk.

COURSES

RELIGIOUS STUDIES. Summer Courses. 26th July-3rd August: the Gospels. 10th August-17th August: The Early Christian Community. 23rd-30th August. Holiday and Behaviour. Details from The Principal, St. Aidan's College, Birtley, Northumberland. Birtley (091) 410 3272 (Tyne-Tees Bureau).

EDUCATIONAL

WOLSEY HALL

THE OXFORD CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

(Accredited by CACC)

DEGREES G.C.E. AND PROFESSIONAL COURSES

Prep professional lessons

WOLSEY HALL (Dept. TS), 11 Norham Gardens, Oxford OX2 6PY

free university amsterdam

Subfaculty of Social Sciences

Department of Cultural Anthropology and Non-Western Religions

Applications are invited for appointment to the position of

reader or professor in non-western religions

The applicant will be responsible for lecturing, leading seminars and supervising research students in the study of Non-Western Religions.

Both research and teaching will include an examination of the connections between religion and social change in the Non-Western world, and will be expected to assume his/her share of administrative responsibilities within both the Institute's Inter-University contexts.

The candidate will have completed his/her Ph. D., and it is anticipated that he/she will have carried out research in the area advertised, will have demonstrated abilities in publication and will have suitable teaching experience and ability.

Candidates should agree with the aims of the Free University, which is a Christian institution.

Further particulars can be obtained from Professor H.G. Schulte Nordholt, Subfaculty of Social Sciences, De Boelelaan 1105, Amsterdam.

Candidates should send their applications, including a full curriculum vitae, names of referees and examples of publications (if any) to : Personnel Division, Free University, De Boelelaan 1105, Postbox 7161, Amsterdam.

UNIVERSITY of STIRLING
LIBRARY

Senior Library Assistant (Cataloguer)

Applications are invited from holders of a professional qualification in librarianship for the post of Senior Library Assistant (Cataloguer) in the University Library. Commencing salary, according to experience and qualifications, on the scale £2,104-£2,634.

Applications, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary (TLS), University of Stirling, Stirling, by 8 March, 1975, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

Trainee Information Officer

for the Food, Drink and Tobacco Industry

To work in the Library/Information Service, the mouth of company and industry information, and the provision of a current service.

Applicants should preferably have a degree in Sciences, Economics or a similar discipline. A commencing salary of not less than £2,[illegible] is envisaged, with conditions of employment with the best modern practice.

Applications in writing giving details of qualifications and relevant previous experience and age addressed to :

I. T. Atkins, Staff Administrator, Food, Drink & Tobacco Industry Board,
Leon House, High Street, Croydon CR9 3NT.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

EASTERN DIVISION

INFORMATION LIBRARIAN

S.O.1 (£3,324-£3,673 + Threshold)

Applications are invited from professional librarians for the above post. The person appointed will be responsible for information and reference services throughout the Division. She will be a member of the Divisional Public Library Team and County Professional Services Team. For further details and application forms, from and to the Librarian, Eastern Divisional Library Headquarters, Ely, March, Cambs PE15 8AL, to whom applications must be returned by 12th March, 1975.

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

Assistant Librarian

BUXTON

(Librarians' Scale : £1,866-£2,538 p.a., plus threshold payment)

Applications are invited from professionally qualified librarians for the above post as a member of the Peak/West Derbyshire Area Library Team.

The successful candidate will be involved in public service and administrative functions and provide excellent experience for an aspiring librarian.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from County Librarian, County Offices, Matlock, DE4 3AG. Closing date 12th March, 1975.

APPOINTMENTS

MILTON KEYNES DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION

INFORMATION LIBRARIAN

£2,892-£3,231 plus threshold

Ref : TLS/990

The Information Librarian is required by a progressive and expanding Development Corporation engaged in the design and construction of the new city of Milton Keynes. The library serves the information needs of approximately 1,000 staff in the subject disciplines of architecture, engineering, planning, landscaping, law, estate management, social welfare and housing.

There is a main library, two sub-libraries and various specialist collections of publications. The scope of the library is as follows: Stock of 10,000, 350 periodical titles, 3,000 trade catalogues, and photograph collections, computerised cataloguing system, indicative abstracting and bulletin services.

The Librarian will be required to lead a team of eight in ensuring that all the information needs of the staff are met in the light of ever-increasing demands made on the library.

It is anticipated that the person appointed will be an A.L.A. with several years experience in the subject areas. A current driving licence will be an advantage.

The appointment is subject to the Corporation's conditions of service which include assistance with housing, removal expenses, settling-in allowance of up to £140, generous separation allowance for up to 6 months, five-day week and free life assurance.

Applications QUOTING THE APPROPRIATE REFERENCE NUMBER AND JOB TITLE should be sent to the Personnel Manager, Milton Keynes Development Corporation, Pendon Tower, Wavendon, Milton Keynes, MK17 8LX, not later than 7 March, 1975.

HERTFORDSHIRE LIBRARY SERVICE

WOODHALL SUIT YOU?

Would you like to be Librarian of Woodhall, a modern spacious branch library in Welwyn Garden City? The person appointed will have scope for developing all aspects of the service with the support of the Librarian, Welwyn Garden City, who has overall responsibility for the area. Salary within Grade A.P. IV plus threshold and weighting payments.

SAVE FOR THE LEA VALLEY?

Would you like to be Librarian of Hoddesdon, a pleasant town only 20 miles from London, shortly to see the construction of a large new library building appropriate to a catchment population of nearly 29,000? The post is at present graded A.P. IV, but regrading to A.P. V is awaiting approval and it is hoped that this will be received by the time that interviews are held. Threshold and weighting allowances will be paid.

Both posts will interest those capable of developing links between the Library Service and other organizations and groups in the community. Qualification, membership of the Library Association. For details contact Alan White, the Personnel Officer of Hertfordshire County Service, Library Headquarters, County Hall, Hertford SG13 8EJ, telephone number Hertford 54242, extension 2. Applications within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

A vacancy exists for a

Cataloguer

in a department which collects broadcast and oral history sound recordings. An interest in the field of war in the 20th century and the development of finding aids for audio records is essential. Library or archive experience or qualifications would be an advantage.

Candidates, aged at least 16, should normally possess GCE 'O' level in English language and at least three other subjects.

Salary : £1,297 at age 16, £1,957 at age 22 or over on entry (possibly higher if aged at least 23) Scale maximum £2,309. The scale includes Inner London Weighting of £410 p.a. A cost-of-living supplement of £19.14 per month is payable in addition.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by 14th March, 1975) please write to the Establishment Officer, Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Road, London SE1 6HZ.

KNOWSLEY LIBRARY SERVICE

Youth and Education Services

AREA CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Area Children's Librarian, Kirkby. The Area Librarian is involved in both the schools and branch sections of the department, and applications from persons with experience in school library services would be welcomed.

Salary will be within Grade A.P. IV, £2,538-£2,880, and the starting point will depend upon experience.

Further details of the appointment and forms of application are obtainable from the Borough Librarian, "Blackthorn", Roby Road, Huyton L36 4HA (051-480 8585).

Completed application forms should be returned to the undersigned at the address stated on the form by the 17th March, 1975.

D. WILLCOOSE, Chief Executive and Town Clerk.

Keeper

Medieval and Later Antiquities

£7300—£8400

In general terms, the collections of the Department of Medieval and Later Antiquities cover the material culture of the post-Roman western world. Byzantine art also falls within its purview. Within this broad description, there are various special collections and bequests of particular note.

The Keeper's duties include the general administration of the Department, the care, installation, cataloguing and enrichment of its collections, the maintenance of its public services, including exhibitions and publications, and the direction of scholarly work by its staff.

Candidates should normally be at least 35 and under 55 years of age, but exceptionally well-qualified candidates outside these age limits will be considered. They must be of high academic standing, either in the field of medieval studies – or in that of the later antiquities covered by the Department. Experience in administration, or an indication of a marked aptitude for it, is essential. Practical museum experience is desirable. Account will also be taken of practical archaeological experience.

Salary starting at over £7300, and rising to about £8400. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be returned 24 March 1975) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants. RG21 1JB, or telephone BASINGSTOKE 29222 ext. 500 (or for 24 hour answering service, LONDON 01-839 1992). Please quote G/8931/2.

British Museum

SANDHURST COLLECTION
CAMBERLEY, SURREY

MUSEUM ASSISTANT

(ASSISTANT CURATOR)

The Royal Military Academy Sandhurst has a vacancy for a Museum Assistant (Assistant Curator) to work with the Academy's Collection of pictures, antiquities, weapons and teaching material. Duties include the preparation of items for exhibition and storage, maintaining registers and handlists of the collection, and generally assisting the Curator in a variety of tasks, connected with the military and academic work at Sandhurst. Applications are invited from men and women aged at least 16.

Qualifications. GCE or Scottish Certificate of Education passes in English or English and at least 3 other subjects. Some technical dexterity (e.g. artwork or needlework) is desirable. Candidates should be prepared to take an interest in Army life as well as museum work.

Salary. Junior Scale—£887 at age 16, £1,497 at age 21. Main Scale—£1,547-£1,899 maximum. Pay scales under review. (Candidates age 21 or under enter at the appropriate age point of the Junior Scale and move to the Main Scale after 3 years satisfactory service or on reaching age 22 which ever is the earlier.)

In addition candidates also receive a cost of living supplement of £19.14 a month in accordance with Stage III of the Pay Code.

Hours. 42 gross per week.

Selection will be by interview. Application forms may be obtained from Ministry of Defence, CM(S)4a, Lacon House, Theobalds Road, London WC1X 8RY (01-242 0222 Extn. 6425 or 6858).

Please quote reference D/CM(S)4/17/1/23 when making application.

Closing date for receipt of completed application forms : 31st March, 1975.

Cyngor Sir DYFED County Council

Applications are invited for the following posts:—

COUNTY SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT

ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST

(Post Ref. No. SEC 63)

(Salary AP.3—£1,187-£2,538 plus £229.68 Threshold)

This post is based in the Haverfordwest Record Office. The person appointed should be a graduate, with or studying for, a diploma in archive administration, and will be expected to undertake the full range of professional duties under the supervision of the Archivist in Charge of this former county record office.

CLOSING DATE:—11th MARCH, 1975.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

(Post Ref. No. LIB 12)

(Salary Grade AP5 £2,880-£3,201 plus £229.68 Threshold)

Applicants should be bilingual Chartered Librarians for this post of Branch Librarian responsible for the Aberystwyth and District Library, this being the main library for North Cardiganshire—approximate population 30,000. The successful candidate will be responsible for the following departments:—lending, reference, music and drama, cassettes and children's library.

CLOSING DATE:—4th MARCH, 1975.

Applications in writing, giving full details of age, experience, qualifications, present position and salary, should be sent to the Director of Personnel and Management Services, Dyfed County Council, County Hall, Carmarthen by the date shown.

NORTHERN IRELAND

WESTERN EDUCATION AND LIBRARY BOARD

Library Service

Applications are invited for the following vacancies :—

(a) BRANCH LIBRARIANS (eight posts)
AP4 £2,538 to £2,880
Located in Londonderry (4), Limavady (1), Strabane (1), Omagh (1) and Enniskillen (1).
To organize full-time Branch Libraries and develop contact with various groups, societies and institutions in the community.

(b) LOCAL HISTORY LIBRARIAN (based Omagh)
AP4 £2,538 to £2,880
To organize and develop local history collections.

(c) INFORMATION OFFICER (based Omagh)
AP4 £2,538 to £2,880
Responsible for provision of information service for the public and Board Officers.

(d) AUDIO VISUAL LIBRARIAN (based Omagh)
AP4 £2,538 to £2,880
To organize and develop use of Audio-Visual Materials in conjunction with Assistant Chief Librarians.

(e) AREA CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN (based Omagh)
AP5 £2,880 to £3,201
To organize Children's Library Service throughout the Board's area.

(f) DIVISIONAL YOUTH LIBRARIAN (based Enniskillen)
AP4 £2,538 to £2,880
Responsible for the administration of youth library services in geographic division.

(g) YOUTH LIBRARIANS (five posts)
(based Londonderry, Omagh and Enniskillen)
AP3 £2,187 to £2,538
Responsible for particular aspects of work, e.g., Schools, Branch Libraries and Extension activities.

(h) LIBRARIAN
(based Londonderry College of Technology)
AP3 £2,187 to £2,538
The successful candidate will be employed in the Library Service of the Board but will be located in the London-derry College of Technology and will be responsible to the Library Service for some 3,000 full-time and part-time students.

Applicants for posts (b), (c), (d) and (e) should preferably be chartered Librarians.

For the remaining posts applications from recently qualified librarians or those about to qualify will be considered.

A threshold agreement operates under which the salary scales quoted for the posts above currently attract a supplement of £229.68 per annum.

Application forms from the Personnel Officer, Headquarters Offices, Hospital Road, Omagh, co. Tyrone, returnable by 14th March, 1975.

KNOWSLEY LIBRARY SERVICE

Principal Reference Librarian

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with wide experience of Reference Library work for the above post, which is based at Kirkby.

This position carries an all-borough responsibility, and becomes vacant upon the retirement of the present holder.

The salary will be within P.O.1 (3-7) £3,639-£4,449, and the starting point will depend on experience.

Further details of the appointment, and forms of application, are obtainable from the Borough Librarian, "Blacklow", Roby Road, Huyton L36 4HA. (051-480 8585.)

Completed application forms should be returned to the undersigned, at the address noted on the form, by the 17th March, 1975.

D. WILLCOOSE, Chief Executive and Town Clerk.